THE

ACADEMIC SPEAKER;

OR, A

SELECTION OF PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES, ORATIONS, ODES, SCENES, AND SPEECHES,

FROM THE BEST WRITERS, PROPER TO BE READ AND RECITED BY YOUTH AT SCHOOL.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE;

OR,

PLAIN AND EASY DIRECTIONS

FOR

KEEPING THE BODY IN A GRACEFUL POSITION, AND ACQUIRING A SIMPLE AND UNAFFECTED STYLE OF ACTION.

Explained and illuſtrated by Copper Plates.

The THIRD EDITION.

By JOHN WALKER,

Author of ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION, CRITICAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, &c. &c.

Mihi falli multum videntur, qui ſolos eſſe Atticos credunt tenues et lucidos et ſignificantes, ſed quadam eloquentiæ frugalitate contentos, ac manum ſemper intra pallium continentes. QUINTIL.

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1797.


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MAY

TO THE

Reverend Dr. THOMSON,

KENSINGTON.

SIR,

IF the preſent publication has any degree of merit, it is in a great meaſure owing to you. The liberal encouragement you gave me, when I firſt propoſed teaching at your ſchool, induced me to exertions which I ſhould never have made without the aſſiſtance of ſo able a friend. Theſe exertions have produced the preſent publication: which, however it may fail in other reſpects, affords me an opportunity of expreſſing my obligations, and of congratulating you on the ſucceſsful experiment you have made of uniting the moſt extenſive ſtudy of the

Greek and Latin Claſſics with a regular courſe of Reading and Speaking Engliſh. The ſucceſs of this ſyſtem has already been proved by ſeveral of your pupils in both Univerſities; and the encouragement it daily receives from a diſcerning public, is an unequivocal teſtimony of its merit.

I am, Sir,

With great reſpect,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

J. WALKER.

ELEMENTS OF GESTURE.

SECTION I.

On the Speaking of Speeches at Schools.

ELOCUTION has, for ſome years paſt, been an object of attention in the moſt reſpectable ſchools in the kingdom. A laudable ambition of inſtructing youth in the pronunciation and delivery of their native language, has made Engliſh ſpeeches a very conſpicuous part of thoſe annual exhibitions of oratory which do them ſo much credit.

This attention to Engliſh pronunciation has induced ſeveral ingenious men to compile Exercíſes in Elocution for the uſe of ſchools, which have anſwered very uſeful purpoſes; but none, ſo far as I have ſeen, have attempted to give us a regular ſyſtem of Geſture ſuited to the wants and capacities of ſchool-boys. Mr. Burgh, in his Art of Speaking, has given us a ſyſtem of the Paſſions, and has ſhewn us how they appear in the countenance and operate on the body; but this ſyſtem, however uſeful to people of riper years, is too delicate and complicated to be taught in ſchools. Indeed, the exact adaptation of the action to the word and the word to the action, as Shakeſpeare calls it, is the moſt difficult part of delivery, and therefore can never be taught perfectly to children; to ſay nothing of diſtracting their attention with two

very difficult things at the ſame time. But that boys ſhould ſtand motionleſs, while they are pronouncing the moſt impaſſioned language, is extremely abſurd and unnatural; and on the contrary, that they ſhould ſprawl into an awkward, ungain, and deſultory action, is ſtill more offenſive and diſguſting. What then remains but that ſuch a general ſtyle of action be adopted, as ſhall be eaſily conceived and eaſily executed, which, though not expreſſive of any particular paſſion, ſhall not be inconſiſtent with the expreſſion of any paſſion; which ſhall always keep the body in a graceful poſition, and ſhall ſo vary its motions, at proper intervals, as to ſeem the ſubject operating on the ſpeaker, and not the ſpeaker on the ſubject. This, it will be confeſſed, is a great deſideratum; and an attempt to do this is the principal object of the preſent publication.

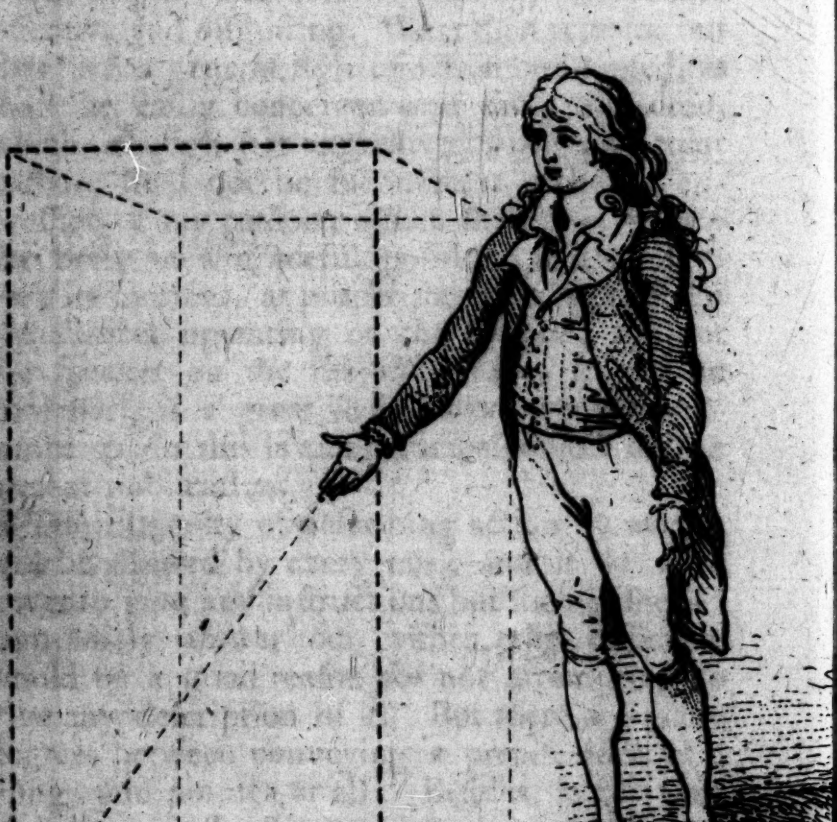
The difficulty of deſcribing action by words, will be allowed by every one; and if we were never to give any inſtructions but ſuch as ſhould completely anſwer our wiſhes, this difficulty would be a good reaſon for not attempting to give any deſcription of it. But there are many degrees between conveying a preciſe idea of a thing, and no idea at all. Beſides, in this part of delivery inſtruction may be conveyed by the eye; and this organ, as Horace obſerves *, is a much more rapid vehicle of knowledge than

* Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. Hor. Ars Poetica.

the



Plate I. Page III.



To be placed in Sheet A.

the ear. This vehicle is addreſſed on the preſent occaſion; and plates, repreſenting the attitudes which are deſcribed, are annexed to the ſeveral deſcriptions, which it is not doubted will greatly facilitate the reader's conception.

The firſt plate repreſents the attitude in which a boy ſhould always place himſelf when he begins to ſpeak. He ſhould reſt the whole weight of his body on the right leg; the other, juſt touching the ground, at the diſtance at which it would naturally fall, if lifted up to ſhew that the body does not bear upon it. The knees ſhould be ſtrait and braced, and the body, though perfectly ſtrait, not perpendicular, but inclining as far to the right as a firm poſition on the right leg will permit. The right arm muſt then be held out with the palm open, the fingers ſtrait and cloſe, the thumb almoſt as diſtant from them as it will go; and the flat of the hand neither horizontal nor vertical, but exactly between both. The poſition of the arm, perhaps, will be beſt deſcribed by ſuppoſing an oblong hollow ſquare formed by the meaſure of four arms, as in Plate the firſt; where the arm, in its true poſition, forms the diagonal of ſuch an imaginary figure. So that if lines were drawn at right angles from the ſhoulder extending downwards, forwards, and ſideways, the arm will form an angle of nearly forty-five degrees every way.

When the pupil has pronounced one ſentence in the poſition thus deſcribed, the hand, as if lifeleſs, muſt drop down to the ſide at the very moment the laſt accented word is pronounced;

and the body, without altering the place of the feet, poize itſelf on the left leg, while the left hand raiſes itſelf into exactly the ſame poſition as the right was before, and continues in this poſition till the end of the next ſentence, when it drops down on the ſide as if dead; and the body, poizing itſelf on the right leg as before, continues with the right arm extended till the end of the ſucceeding ſentence, and ſo on from right to left, and from left to right alternately, till the ſpeech is ended.

Great care muſt be taken that the pupil end one ſentence completely before he begin another. He muſt let the arm drop to the ſide, and continue for a moment in the poſture in which he concluded before he poizes his body on the other leg, and raiſes the other arm into that diagonal poſition before deſcribed; both which ſhould be done before he begins to pronounce the next ſentence. Care muſt alſo be taken, in ſhifting the body from one leg to the other, that the feet do not alter their diſtance. In altering the poſition of the body, the feet will neceſſarily alter their poſition a little; but this change muſt be made by turning the toes in a ſomewhat different direction, without ſuffering them to ſhift their ground. The heels, in this tranſition, change their place, but not the toes. The toes may be conſidered as pivots, on which the body turns from ſide to ſide.

If the pupil's knees are not well formed, or incline inwards, he muſt be taught to keep his legs at as great a diſtance as poſſible, and to incline

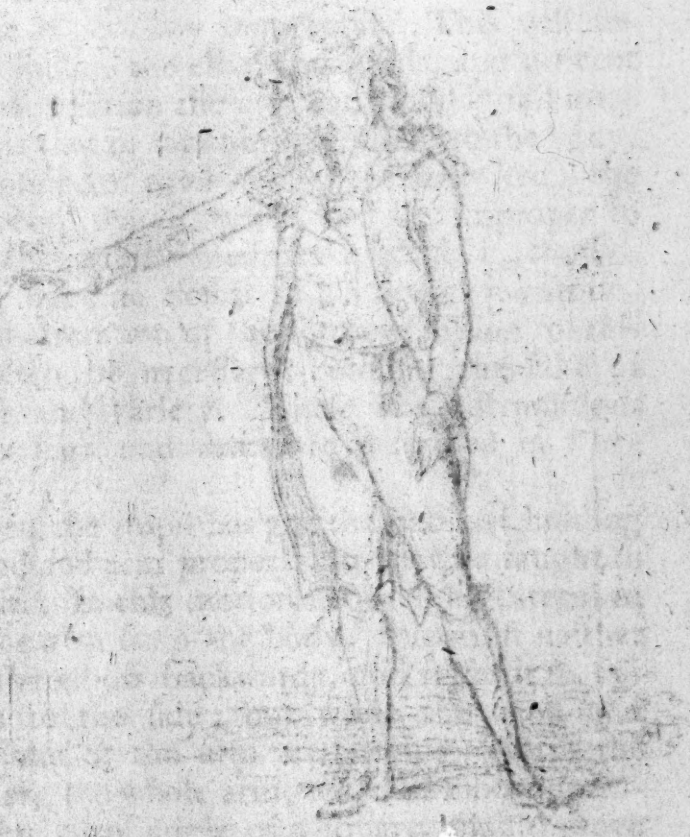


Plate II. Page V.



To be placed in Sheet A.

cline his body ſo much to that ſide, on which the arm is extended; as to oblige him to reſt the oppoſite leg upon the toe; and this will, in a great meaſure, hide the defect of his make. In the ſame manner, if the arm be too long, or the elbow incline inwards, it will be proper to make him turn the palm of his hand downwards, ſo as to make it perfectly horizontal. This will infallibly incline the elbow outwards, and prevent the worſt poſition the arm can poſſibly fall into, which is that of inclining the elbow to the body. This poſition of the hand ſo neceſſarily keeps the elbow out, that it would not be improper to make the pupil ſometimes practiſe it, though he may have no defect in his make; as an occaſional alteration of the former poſition to this may often be neceſſary, both for the ſake of juſtneſs and variety. Theſe two laſt poſitions of the legs and arms are deſcribed in Plate ſecond.

When the pupil has got the habit of holding his hand and arm properly, he may be taught to move it. In this motion he muſt be careful to keep the arm from the body. He muſt neither draw the elbow backwards, nor ſuffer it to approach to the ſide; but while the hand and lower joint of the arm are curving towards the ſhoulder, the whole arm, with the elbow forming nearly an angle of a ſquare, ſhould move upwards from the ſhoulder, in the ſame poſition as when gracefully taking off the hat; that is, with the elbow extended from the ſide, and the upper joint of the arm nearly on a line with the

ſhoulder, and forming an angle of a ſquare with the body; (See Plate III.) this motion of the arm will naturally bring the hand with the palm downwards into a horizontal poſition; and when it approaches to the head, the arm ſhould with a jerk be ſuddenly ſtraightened into its firſt poſition, at the very moment the emphatical word is pronounced. This coincidence of the hand and voice will greatly enforce the pronunciation; and if they keep time they will be in tune, as it were, to each other, and to force and energy add harmony and variety.

As this motion of the arm is ſomewhat complicated, and may be found difficult to execute, it would be adviſeable to let the pupil at firſt ſpeak without any motion of the arm at all. After ſome time he will naturally fall into a ſmall curvature of the elbow, to beat time, as it were, to the emphatic word; and if in doing this he is conſtantly urged to raiſe the elbow, and to keep it at a diſtance from the body, the action of the arm will naturally grow up into that we have juſt deſcribed. So the diagonal poſition of the arm, though the moſt graceful and eaſy when the body is at reſt, may be too difficult for boys to fall into at firſt; and therefore it may be neceſſary, in order to avoid the worſe extreme, for ſome time to make them extend the arm as far from the body as they can in a ſomewhat ſimilar direction, but higher from the ground, and inclining more to the back. Great care muſt be taken to keep the hand open, and the thumb at ſome diſtance from the fingers;

Plate III. Page VI.



To be placed Sheet A.



fingers; and particular attention muſt be paid to keeping the hand in an exact line with the lower part of the arm, ſo as not to bend at the wriſt, either when it is held out without motion, or when it gives the emphatic ſtroke. And above all, the body muſt be kept in a ſtraight line with the leg on which it bears, and not ſuffered to bend to the oppoſite ſide.

At firſt it may not be improper for the Teacher, after placing the Pupil in the poſition, Plate I., to ſtand at ſome diſtance exactly oppoſite to him in the ſame poſition, the right and left ſides only reverſed; and, while the pupil is ſpeaking, to ſhow him, by example, the action he is to make uſe of. In this caſe the Teacher's left hand will correſpond to the Pupil's right, by which means he will ſee, as in a looking-glaſs, how to regulate his geſture, and will ſoon catch the method of doing it by himſelf.

It is expected the maſter will be a little diſcouraged at the awkward figure his pupil makes in his firſt attempts to teach him. But this is no more than what happens in dancing, fencing, or any other exerciſe which depends on habit. By practice the pupil will ſoon begin to feel his poſition, and be eaſy in it. Thoſe poſitions, which were at firſt diſtreſſing to him, he will fall into naturally; and if they are ſuch as are really graceful and becoming, (and ſuch, it is preſumed, are thoſe which have been juſt deſcribed) they will be adopted with more facility than any other that can be taught him.

SECTION II.

On the Acting of Plays at Schools.

THOUGH the acting of Plays at ſchools has been univerſally ſuppoſed a very uſeful practice, it has of late years been much laid aſide. The advantages ariſing from it have not been judged equal to the inconveniences; and the ſpeaking of ſingle ſpeeches, or the acting of ſingle ſcenes, has been generally ſubſtituted in its ſtead. Indeed, when we conſider the leading principle and prevailing ſentiments of moſt plays, we ſhall not wonder that they are not always thought to be the moſt ſuitable employment for youth at ſchool; nor when we reflect on the long interruption to the common ſchool exerciſes, which the preparation for a play muſt neceſſarily occaſion, ſhall we think it conſiſtent with general improvement:—But to wave every objection from prudence or morality, it may be confidently affirmed, that the acting of a play is not ſo conducive to improvement in Elocution as the ſpeaking of ſingle ſpeeches.

In the firſt place, the acting of plays is of all kinds of delivery the moſt difficult, and therefore cannot be the moſt ſuitable exerciſe for boys at ſchool. In the next place, a dramatic performance requires ſo much attention to the deportment of the body, ſo varied an expreſſion of the paſſions, and ſo ſtrict an adherence to character, that elocution is in danger of being neg-

neglected: beſides, exact propriety of action, and a nice diſcrimination of the paſſions, however eſſential on the ſtage, are but of ſecondary importance in a ſchool. It is a plain, open, diſtinct, and forcible pronunciation, which ſchool boys ſhould aim at; and not that quick tranſition from one paſſion to another, that archneſs of look, and that *jeu de theatre*, as it is called, ſo eſſential to a tolerable dramatic exhibition, and which actors themſelves can ſcarcely arrive at. In ſhort, it is ſpeaking rather than acting which ſchool boys ſhould be taught, while the performance of plays is calculated to teach them acting rather than ſpeaking.

But there is a contrary extreme into which many teachers are apt to run, and chiefly thoſe who are incapable of ſpeaking themſelves; and that is, to condemn every thing, which is vehement and forcible, as *theatrical*. It is an old trick to depreciate what we cannot attain; and calling a ſpirited pronunciation *theatrical*, is but an artful method of hiding an utter inability of ſpeaking with force and energy. But though ſchool boys ought not to be taught thoſe nice touches which form the greateſt difficulties in the profeſſion of an actor, they ſhould not be too much reſtrained from an exertion of voice, ſo neceſſary to ſtrengthening the organs of ſound, becauſe they may ſometimes be too loud and vociferous. Perhaps nine out of ten, inſtead of too much confidence, and too violent a manner of ſpeaking, which theſe teachers ſeem ſo much to dread, have, as Dr. Johnſon calls it, a frigid equa-

equality, a ſtupid languor, and a torpid apathy. Theſe muſt be rouſed by ſomething ſtrong and exceſſive, or they will never riſe even to mediocrity; while the few who have a tendency to rant are very eaſily reclaimed, and ought to be treated in pronunciation and action as Quintilian adviſes us to do in compoſition; that is, we ſhould rather allow of an exuberance than, by too much correctneſs, check the vigour and luxuriancy of nature.

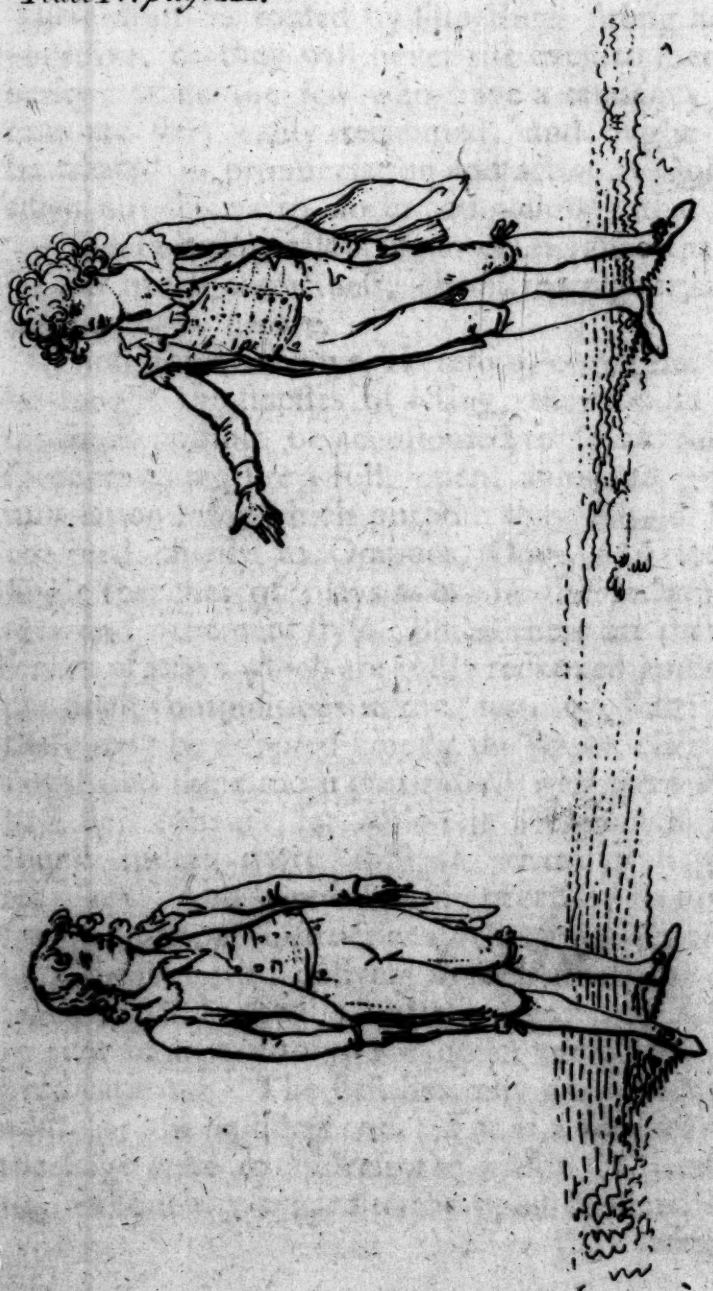
Though ſchool boys, therefore, ought not to be taught the fineſſes of acting, they ſhould as much as poſſible be accuſtomed to ſpeak ſuch ſpeeches as require a full, open, animated pronunciation: for which purpoſe they ſhould be confined chiefly to Orations, Odes, and ſuch ſingle ſpeeches of plays as are in the declamatory and vehement ſtyle. But as there are many ſcenes of plays which are juſtly reckoned among the fineſt compoſitions in the language, ſome of theſe may be adopted among the upper claſs of boys, and thoſe more particularly who have the beſt deportment: for action in ſcenes will be found much more difficult than in ſingle ſpeeches. And here it will be neceſſary to give ſome additional inſtructions reſpecting action; as a ſpeaker who delivers himſelf ſingly to an auditory, and one who addreſſes another ſpeaker in view of an auditory, are under very different predicaments. The firſt has only one object to addreſs; the laſt has two. For if a ſpeaker on the ſtage were to addreſs the perſon he ſpeaks to, without any regard to the point of view, in

which





Plate IV. page XI.



To be placed Sheet A.

which he ſtands with reſpect to the audience, he would be apt to turn his back on them, and to place himſelf in ſuch poſitions as would be highly ungraceful and diſguſting. When a ſcene, therefore, is repreſented, it is neceſſary that the two perſonages who ſpeak ſhould form a ſort of picture, and place themſelves in a poſition agreeable to the laws of perſpective. In order to do this, it will be neceſſary that each of them ſhould ſtand obliquely, and chiefly make uſe of one hand: that is, ſuppoſing the ſtage or platform where they ſtand to be a quadrangle, each ſpeaker ſhould reſpectively face that corner of it next to the audience, and uſe that hand and reſt upon that leg which is next to the perſon he ſpeaks to, and which is fartheſt from the audience. This diſpoſition is abſolutely neceſſary to form any thing like a pictureſque grouping of objects; and without it, that is, if both ſpeakers uſe the right hand, and ſtand exactly fronting each other, the impropriety will be palpable, and the ſpectacle diſguſting.

It need ſcarcely be noted, that if the ſpeaker in a ſcene uſes that hand which is next the audience, he ought likewiſe to poiſe his body upon the ſame leg: this is almoſt an invariable rule in action: the hand ſhould act on that ſide only on which the body bears. Good actors and ſpeakers may ſometimes depart from this rule, but ſuch only, will know when to do it with propriety.

Occaſion may be taken in the courſe of the ſcene to change ſides. One ſpeaker at the end

of

of an impaſſioned ſpeech may croſs over to the place of the other, while the latter at the ſame moment croſſes over to the place of the former. This, however, muſt be done with great care, and ſo as to keep the back from being turned to the audience: but if this tranſition be performed adroitly it will have a very good effect in varying the poſition of the ſpeakers, and giving each an opportunity of uſing his right hand—the moſt favourable to grace and expreſſion.—And if from ſo humble a ſcene as the ſchool we may be permitted to raiſe our obſervations to the Senate, it might be hinted, that gentlemen on each ſide of the houſe, while addreſſing the Chair, can with grace and propriety only make uſe of one hand; namely, that which is next to the ſpeaker; and it may be obſerved in paſſing, that to all the other advantages of ſpeaking which are ſuppoſed to belong to one ſide of the houſe—may be added, the graceful uſe of the right hand.

The better to conceive the poſition of two ſpeakers in a ſcene, a plate is given repreſenting their reſpective attitudes: and it muſt be carefully noted, that when they are not ſpeaking the arms muſt hang in their natural place by the ſides; unleſs what is ſpoken by one is of ſuch importance as to excite agitation and ſurprize in the other. But if we ſhould be ſparing of geſture, at all times we ſhould be more particularly ſo when we are not ſpeaking.

From what has been laid down it will evidently appear how much more difficult and com-

complicated is the action of a ſcene than that of a ſingle ſpeech; and, in teaching both to children, how neceſſary it is to adopt as ſimple and eaſy a method as poſſible. The eaſieſt method of conveying inſtruction in this point will be ſufficiently difficult; and therefore the avoiding of awkwardneſs and impropriety ſhould be more the object of inſtruction than the conveying of beauties.

There are, indeed, ſome maſters who are againſt teaching boys any action at all, and are for leaving them in this point entirely to nature*. It is happy, however, that they do not leave that action to nature which is acquired by dancing; the deportment of their pupils would ſoon convince them they were impoſed on by the ſound of words. Improved and beautiful nature is the object of the Painter's pencil, the Poet's pen, and the Rhetorician's action, and not that ſordid and common nature which is perfectly rude and uncultivated. Nature directs us to art, and art ſelects and poliſhes the beauties of nature. "It is not ſufficient for an orator," ſays Quintilian, "that he is a man: he muſt be an improved and cultivated man: he muſt be a man favoured by nature, and faſhioned by art."

But the neceſſity of adopting ſome method of teaching action is too evident to need proof. Boys will infallibly contract ſome action; to require them to ſtand ſtock ſtill while they are

* ——— Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium.
HOR. ARS. POET.

ſpeaking

ſpeaking an impaſſioned ſpeech, is not only exacting a very difficult taſk from them, but is in a great meaſure checking their natural exertions. If they are left to themſelves, they will, in all probability, fall into very wild and ungraceful action, which, when once formed into a habit, can ſcarcely ever be corrected: giving them, therefore, a general outline of good action muſt be of the utmoſt conſequence to their progreſs and improvement in pronunciation.

The grert uſe, therefore, of a ſyſtem of action like the preſent, is, that a boy will never be embarraſſed for want of knowing what to do with his legs and arms; nor will he beſtow that attention on his action which ought to be directed to his pronunciation; he will always be in a poſition which will not diſgrace his figure; and when this geſture is eaſy to him, it may ſerve as a groundwork to ſomething more perfect; he may, either by his own genius, or his maſter's inſtructions, build ſome other action upon it, which may in time give it additional force and variety.

Thus, what ſeemed either unworthy the attention, or too difficult for the execution of others, the author of the preſent publication has ventured to attempt. A conviction of the neceſſity of teaching ſome ſyſtem of action, and the abundant ſucceſs of the preſent ſyſtem in one of the moſt reſpectable academies near London, has determined him to publiſh it for the uſe of ſuch ſeminaries as make Engliſh Pronunciation a part of their diſcipline. From the common prejudice

prejudice againſt any new methods of teaching, and often from the trouble attending them, he does not flatter himſelf that the preſent production will meet with a very cordial reception at firſt; but hopes that time will juſtify him in this, as it has done in ſome other attempts to improve the art of Reading and Speaking.

As the preſent compilation is more particularly calculated for Speaking*, ſuch pieces are ſelected as are the moſt proper for pronouncing by heart. Such Parliamentary Debates are choſen as were ſelected and arranged by Dr. Johnſon when Pitt and Pulteney ſhone with unrivaled luſtre. Theſe are ſo abridged as to form a good exhibition of about half an hour, for the upper boys in the ſchool, and chiefly thoſe who have not confidence enough to ſhow themſelves in a ſingle ſpeech. The eaſe with which moſt of them may be pronounced, and the cover they afford to modeſt diffidence, make them peculiarly ſuitable to a conſiderable number of boys in every ſchool.

The different pieces are claſſed under five heads, namely, the Declamatory, the Vehement, the Deliberative or Argumentative, the Pathetic, and the Comic: and though the compiler is no great friend to the latter kind of ſpeeches, as they require acting rather than ſpeaking, yet

* Where the object of inſtruction is Reading rather than Speaking, The Engliſh Claſſics Abridged may be recommended as highly uſeful for that purpoſe, as well as for giving youth an intimate acquaintance with Addiſon, Pope, and Milton.

as ſome boys are found to have a ſtrong turn for Comic Humour, and other teachers may be of a different opinion in this point, he has given them a place in this collection. This arrangement will, he flatters himſelf, be found of ſome uſe, as it aſcends from the eaſieſt to the moſt difficult ſpecies of ſpeaking. All boys can declaim, or recite ſuch ſpeeches, as have little or no paſſion in them; many can expreſs anger, rage, and fury; not near ſo many can pronounce a ſoliloquy with weight and meaning; but few can touch the tender paſſions, and ſtill fewer can ſucceed in comedy. This laſt ſpecies of ſpeaking ſeems, indeed, more peculiarly the gift of nature than any of the reſt; and the Comic Speaker, like the Poet, muſt be born, not made.

It may not be uſeleſs to obſerve, that boys ſhould be claſſed in this, as in every other kind of inſtruction, according to their abilities. That a claſs ſhould not conſiſt of more than ten; that about eight or ten lines of ſome ſpeech ſhould be read firſt by the teacher, then by the boy who reads beſt, and then by the reſt in order, all having a book of the ſame kind, and all reading the ſame portion. This portion they muſt be ordered to get by heart againſt the next leſſon; and then the firſt boy muſt ſpeak it, ſtanding at ſome diſtance before the reſt in the manner directed in the Plates; the ſecond boy muſt ſucceed him, and ſo on till they have all ſpoken. After which, another portion muſt be read to them, which they muſt read and ſpeak in

in the ſame manner as before. When they have gone through a ſpeech in this manner by portions, the two or three firſt boys may be ordered, againſt the next leſſon, to ſpeak the whole ſpeech; the next leſſon two or three more, and ſo on to the reſt. This will excite emulation, and give the teacher an opportunity of ranking them according to their merit.

With reſpect to rules for pronunciation, the teacher muſt be referred to the Rhetorical Grammar, where, it is preſumed, are to be found a collection of the eaſieſt and moſt definite rules for Reading and Speaking that have hitherto appeared in our language.

Advertiſement to the Third Edition.

THE reader will obſerve, that in this, as in the former edition, the compiler has made it his principal aim to furniſh ſuch extracts as are more particularly calculated for ſpeaking at Schools: for which purpoſe he has not ſcrupled making ſuch abridgements as better adapt them to Academic Pronunciation.

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PART I.

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES

I. *A Parliamentary Debate, in the Year 1732, upon a Motion for continuing the Number of Troops in the Service of His Majesty.*

SPEAKERS,

Sir William Strickland,

Lord Morpeth,	*Mr. Barnard,*
Lord Hervey,	*Mr. Noel,*
Mr. Plomer,	*Mr. Shippen,*
Sir William Yonge,	*Sir Robert Walpole,*
Sir William Wyndham,	*Mr. Horace Walpole,*
Mr. Henry Pelham,	*Mr. Pulteney.*

Sir William Strickland.

SIR,

THOUGH the public tranquillity is happily and fully eſtabliſhed, I think it abſolutely neceſſary for us to keep up a reſpectable number of troops, till we ſee how thoſe meaſures, by which the public tranquillity has been eſtabliſhed, ſhall be approved of by the other powers of Europe, who have not yet declared their ſentiments upon this ſubject: I therefore humbly move, Sir, That the number of effective men for guards and garriſons, in Great Britain, and for Guernſey and Jerſey, for the enſuing year, ſhall be 1815 invalids, and 555 men, which the ſix independent companies conſiſt of, for the ſervice of the Highlands; in all 17,709 effective men, commiſſion and non-commiſſion officers included.

Lord Morpeth.

SIR,—Though I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my country expoſed to danger, for want of a ſufficient number of troops to

ſtand in the gap, I ſhould be equally ſorry to ſee our liberties expoſed to danger by the awe theſe troops may create in the minds of the people: beſides, Sir, there is another reaſon which ought to weigh with every lover of his country; and that is, the expence of theſe troops. Shall we, at the end of an expenſive war, when our pockets have been drained, and our credit ſtretched, continue theſe expences, and entail them on our poſterity? No, Sir; abſtracted from the danger of ſo many ſtanding troops, the expence of them appears to be too great for our preſent reſources; and therefore, if ſome troops are abſolutely neceſſary, I humbly move, that their number be no more than 12,000 effective men.

Lord Hervey.

SIR,—Though the peace and tranquillity of this nation, both at home and abroad, be now, by his Majeſty's wiſe conduct, eſtabliſhed, in all probability, upon a firm and laſting foundation, yet a wiſe people ought always to be upon their guard againſt the worſt that may happen.

We muſt not imagine that we have no enemies, or that they have loſt their former watchfulneſs. As long as we have a good and brave army for our ſupport, they know they dare not break out into any open acts of violence; but the many ſcandalous and ſeditious libels that are every day publiſhed againſt the government, and the many ſcribblers that are employed to vilify and aſperſe his Majeſty, and his adminiſtration, and to ſow diſaffection among the people, is an evident ſign that we have as yet many enemies, even within our boſom, who would probably think of making uſe of other weapons than the pen, if we ſhould be ſo unwiſe as to afford them the leaſt hopes of ſucceſs by making a great reduction in our army; and, therefore, I am for continuing the army, for this year at leaſt, upon the footing that was at firſt propoſed.

Mr. Plomer.

SIR,—I cannot help obſerving, that the moſt weighty argument made uſe of by the noble Lord who ſpoke laſt, ſeems to be, that there is a great number of ſcribblers employed to write againſt the government; but, for my part, Sir, I cannot ſee why that ſhould be thought a ſufficient reaſon for keeping up a ſtanding army of ſoldiers; if ſcribbling gives the government any uneaſineſs, or makes them dream of danger, I think the beſt way would be to employ an army of ſcribblers to defend them; for I doubt not but a ſufficient number of ſuch may be found, who will liſt upon that ſide where they expect to make the moſt advantage.

Sir William Yonge.

SIR,—The queſtion now before us, is not any way relating to the preſervation or the loſs of our liberties; we are not to ſuppoſe, we cannot ſuppoſe, that his Majeſty is to employ the forces we are to keep on foot in any illegal way, or that he is to make uſe of them, or of any other means, to encroach upon the liberties of our country. We have had ſufficient experience of his Majeſty's wiſdom and goodneſs not to entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion of any ſuch deſign. All that his Majeſty wants is, that we will take care to keep up a parliamentary force ſufficient for enabling him to repel any attack that may be made upon our country, or upon our conſtitution. His Majeſty deſires nothing but what may be neceſſary for preſerving us in the happy and quiet ſtate in which we are at preſent, and for continuing and protecting the free enjoyment of thoſe liberties and privileges, for which he has always ſhown ſo great a regard. While this is the uſe to be made of our ſtanding army, I cannot think that the number propoſed is at all too large; and if any other uſe were to be made of them, I hope I

ſhould be as ready as any man in this houſe to oppoſe any ſuch meaſures; but as long as the continuance of the army depends upon the reſolution of Parliament, from year to year, there is, I think, no danger of any ſuch meaſures being entered upon, or even ſo much as thought of. The Parliament will always have it in their power to put a ſtop to ſuch meaſures in their infancy, and long before they can be made effectual, or ſo much as brought to any maturity; and I hope it never will be imagined, that the Parliament will join in any meaſure for enſlaving the people: I ſhall therefore, Sir, give my vote for keeping up the number of forces propoſed.

Sir William Wyndham.

SIR,—It has always been looked upon as contrary to the conſtitution, and inconſiſtent with the liberties of this country, to keep up a ſtanding army in time of peace. This is a maxim that has been handed down to us from our forefathers, and is certainly as true a maxim as any that ever was, or ever can be, laid down for the preſervation of our happy conſtitution. His Majeſty has been moſt graciouſly pleaſed to aſſure us, from the throne, that the expectations he has given us, from time to time, of ſeeing the general tranquillity of Europe reſtored and eſtabliſhed, are now fully anſwered. What have we more to expect? Do we hope ever to ſee a time when all the powers of Europe will be, even to outward appearance, ſo fully ſatisfied and pleaſed, that no jealouſies nor private animoſities ſhall ſeem to remain? The hope is vain, the thing is impoſſible; for thoſe very meaſures which make one eaſy, will always give ſome appearance of diſquiet to another. Beſides, the ambition of princes is ſuch, that no general ſatisfaction can be expected, nor can a profound tranquillity be hoped for, to remain for any time, without ſome diſturbance.

bance. Either now is a proper time for us to reduce a part of our army, or ſuch a time will never happen; and this nation muſt always be obliged to be at the expence of maintaining a numerous regular army, and lie expoſed to have its liberties and privileges trampled upon by the means of that army, whenever we ſhall have a King weak or ambitious enough, or a Miniſtry wicked enough to engage in ſuch meaſures.

Sir, the brave and bold ſpirit which the Britiſh ſubjects naturally have, is well known; our enemies have often felt it to their coſt: I hope the ſame ſpirit ſtill remains; I hope we have men enow in Britain, who have reſolution to defend themſelves againſt any invaſion whatever, were there not ſo much as one red coat in the whole kingdom. It is upon the bravery of our ſubjects, upon the natural courage of our men, that we ought principally to depend for the protection and ſafety of our country againſt a foreign enemy; by truſting to this we have continued for many years to be a happy and a free people; and, as ſoon as we begin to put our truſt in any thing elſe, our happineſs and our liberty will be at an end, and a ſtate of miſery and ſlavery muſt ſoon after enſue.

As to the diſaffection that is pretended to be in the country, it is nothing but a pretence; and it will always be a pretence. I hope, Sir, it is ſo inconſiderable, that our ordinary civil officers are ſufficient to ſeize, and our common jails capable of holding, all the diſaffected in the kingdom; but I muſt ſay, that the continuing of a ſtanding army, even from year to year, will certainly make the diſaffection increaſe, and will make it ſpread through all parts of the kingdom. It is my opinion, Sir, that the affections of the people ought to be meaſured by the affections of their repreſentatives in Parliament; it has always been ſo hitherto: the ſubjects, when they ſuſpected that the crown was making any encroachments upon their liberties, always pleaſed

themſelves with the thoughts that they could find a ſure redreſs from their repreſentatives aſſembled in Parliament: upon them they always depended for a certain remedy for all their real, or even imaginary wrongs: but if this Houſe ſhall thus, from year to year, agree to the continuance of a ſtanding army, I am afraid this will no longer continue to be a rule for meaſuring the people's affections: the people will begin to look upon us, not as their repreſentatives, or as the guardians of their liberties, but as the inſignificant tools of a Court, and the hireling ſupporters of an Adminiſtration.

Mr. Henry Pelham.

SIR,—Notwithſtanding the fears and apprehenſions of the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt, I cannot think, as long as the army is regularly paid, and ſtrict diſcipline is kept up, that the people can meet with any injuſtice from them; for, as long as they are ſubject to be reduced or diſbanded by the Parliament, whenever it is thought convenient, they can never be employed againſt the liberties and privileges of the ſubject; and therefore I do not believe that the ſmall number now propoſed can ever raiſe any diſcontents or jealouſies in the minds of the people; but while there is ſo much diſaffection to the Government at home, we muſt be weak indeed to deprive ourſelves of the means of ſecurity. This diſaffection is doubted of by ſome gentlemen; but, though it may be dormant, it is certainly not quite extinguiſhed: this will appear from the late ſpeech of a common councilman in the city of London, who, when a petition was preſented for pulling down the old conduit in Cheapſide, and erecting the ſtatue of King William in its place, told them, that this would be only removing one nuiſance to ſet up another. This is a ſufficient proof that we ought to be upon our guard; and therefore I heartily agree to the number of troops originally propoſed.

Mr.

Mr. Barnard.

SIR,—I cannot agree to the continuing the army on the footing propoſed, becauſe his Majeſty has aſſured us, that there is a profound tranquillity abroad; and if there be any party at home againſt the proteſtant ſucceſſion, I am convinced it is ſo inſignificant, that it is not worth taking notice of. The ſetting up, or not ſetting up, of King William's ſtatue, can be no argument for proving that there is a ſpirit of Jacobitiſm in the country. For my part, I wiſh the propoſal had been agreed to, and that the ſtatue had been ſet up: but I am ſure that the late oppoſition that was made to it, and the refuſing to ſet it up in the place propoſed for it, did not proceed from any diſaffection to the Government, or from any diſlike of the Revolution; there were many other reaſons to be aſſigned for that refuſal, which, by the generality of the people who were concerned in that matter, were thought to be of weight enough to give their negative at that time.

Mr. Horace Walpole.

SIR,—The preſent queſtion is about an army which is to be kept up according to law, and by and with the conſent and approbation of the people. If we look into the Petition of Right itſelf, what does it ſay; Why, that an army raiſed or kept up, without conſent of Parliament, is contrary to the conſtitution; but it is never ſaid, that an army kept up by conſent of Parliament is illegal, or any way contrary to our happy conſtitution. A parliamentary army never did any harm to this nation; but reductions of that army have often been fatal. I have been aſſured, by a Miniſter of very great conſequence, that the reducing of our army, after the peace of Ryſwick, very much encouraged the Court of France to take ſuch meaſures, and to make ſuch bold ſteps,

as they afterwards did. They would have been much more cautious, if we had kept ourſelves in a capacity of pouring in a numerous army upon them; but they ſaw we had put it out of our power, and therefore they deſpiſed us.

After all, Sir, I would not have the friends to the preſent eſtabliſhment think themſelves abſolutely ſafe and ſecure. It is not to be ſuppoſed but that his Majeſty has ſtill ſome private enemies, even in our own country. People may ſay what they pleaſe about the treatment the petition for erecting King William's ſtatue lately met with, but I look upon it as an affront deſignedly put upon the Revolution; and I am ſure it never could have met with ſo much contempt from any thing but a ſpirit of Jacobitiſm ſtill ſubſiſting in the country, which can never be deſtroyed but by taking from them all hopes of ſucceſs; and this can only be done by keeping up an army ſufficient to defend us againſt their utmoſt efforts.

Mr. Noel.

SIR,—I cannot ſay but I very much approve of his Majeſty's ſpeech at the beginning of this ſeſſion; I am glad to obſerve that his Majeſty has therein declared, in ſo ſtrong terms, his affection for his people; but, from the motion that has been made for ſuch a number of troops, I think the ſpeech ought to have concluded with theſe words: That his Majeſty, to ſhow his affection to his people, would quarter upon them for next year but eighteen thouſand men.

Now, Sir, to ſay nothing of the danger of keeping up ſuch a body of mercenaries, the burden of ſupporting them muſt be intolerable. I ſubmit, indeed, to the amendment made by a noble Lord, for a ſmaller number of forces than was at firſt propoſed: I mean twelve thouſand rather than eighteen thouſand, only as it is the ſmaller evil, and not be-

cauſe

cauſe I think that number now neceſſary for our preſervation, nor becauſe I think any number ought ever to be admitted into our eſtabliſhment, or conſidered as a part of our conſtitution, on any pretence whatſoever.

Mr. Shippen.

Mr. *Speaker*,—I ſee this queſtion in the ſame light with thoſe gentlemen who are of opinion, that the determination of it will ſhow the people of Great Britain, whether they are to enjoy their civil conſtitution with all its rights and privileges, or to endure a military government with all its inconveniences and oppreſſions.

However harſh this aſſertion may ſound, it is ſo well founded, that if we cannot now hope for a reduction of the army, we may for ever deſpair of it. For this is the conjuncture, this is the criſis, when the people of Great Britain may with reaſon and juſtice expect, (I had almoſt ſaid demand) an exemption from every unneceſſary tax; and as none is more grievous at all times, ſo none ſeems to be more unneceſſary at this time, than that which is occaſioned by maintaining an extraordinary number of land forces. Such an exemption muſt be acceptable to his Majeſty, who has been moſt graciouſly pleaſed to open the ſeſſion with declaring, That it is a pleaſure to him to give eaſe to his ſubjects, whenever the welfare of the public will admit of it. Since, then, his Majeſty has ſo glorioufly performed his part, let us not be wanting on ours. Let us take the earlieſt opportunity of convincing thoſe we repreſent, that they are immediately to reap the fruit of his Royal labours, and that all their grievances will be gradually redreſſed. Let us begin with reducing the army, and making them ſenſible that it is not intended they ſhould any longer bear the burden and inconveniences of war, in a day of profound peace and univerſal tranquillity. If we fail in this great point, the peo-

ple, who did not reſign their underſtandings when they delegated their power to us, know they have a right to judge for themſelves. They will not be impoſed upon by appearances; they will be apt, notwithſtanding all the fine words they hear, and all the fine ſpeeches they read, to call this boaſted ſucceſs, theſe promiſed bleſſings, no more than a mere deluſion, a golden dream, a chimerical and viſionary ſcene of happineſs.

I wiſh, therefore, the honourable perſon who moved this queſtion, and the other gentlemen who have been his coadjutors in the ſupport of it, had been a little more explicit. I wiſh, inſtead of reviving the old exploded argument of diſaffection and Jacobitiſm—I wiſh, inſtead of rambling ſo widely from the point in debate, they would have dealt more candidly with their audience, and told us plainly whether they think a ſtanding force will always be neceſſary to preſerve and ſecure our preſent happy ſettlement; or whether they think the civil conſtitution of this kingdom ſo weakly and ſo imperfectly framed, as to want ſomething of the military power to ſtrengthen and ſuſtain it. If they entertain the firſt of theſe notions, they muſt give me leave to take notice, that ſuch an inſinuation is unjuſt, and the argument odious: ſince it is a very groſs reflection on our preſent happy ſettlement, which is founded on the principles of liberty; and which you know, Sir, was intended to rectify all the errors, and to reform all the abuſes, of preceding reigns. I ſay, it is a very groſs reflection on our preſent ſettlement, to ſuppoſe that his Majeſty cannot wear his crown in ſafety, but by burdening the nation with the conſtant charge of maintaining near eighteen thouſand men; but by eſtabliſhing a force which will perpetually interfere with the liberty of his ſubjects, and conſequently ſhake the foundation of his throne. For, however changeable the counſels and actions of Miniſters may be, the nature of things is permanent;

manent; and it is impoſſible that what has been the conſtant, the certain cauſe of deſtruction to other governments, ſhould, by any new ſchemes, by any refinements in politics, be made the ſole, or, at leaſt, the chief ſecurity of his Majeſty's crown.

As, therefore, it is the glory of our anceſtors, that they have maintained our conſtitution, in oppoſition to all the attempts of innovation, and that they have tranſmitted it intire to their poſterity: ſo will it be a mark of eternal infamy to that generation, in whoſe time it ſhall happen, either by the ambition of the Prince, or by the treachery of the Miniſtry, or by the ſlaviſhneſs of the people, to be ſurrendered or deſtroyed.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR—,I find the gentlemen who oppoſe the motion made by my honourable friend, have all along argued, as if the number of forces now propoſed were to be kept up againſt law, or to be continued for ever; whereas the very deſign of the motion made to this houſe, is in order to have a law for keeping them up; and all that the gentleman wants by his motion is, that they ſhall be continued for this year only. The caſe, then, before us is, Whether it will be more proper, and more for the benefit of the nation, to keep up the number propoſed for one year, or by an ill-timed frugality to reduce ſome part of them, and thereby expoſe the nation to be contemned and deſpiſed by our neighbours round us, and that at a time when the public tranquillity is but juſt ſettled, and before we can know whether ſome of our neighbouring Powers are ſatisfied or not. Nations, as well as private men, muſt accommodate their meaſures to the times they live in. The circumſtances of Europe are now much altered from what they were in former days; but a few ages ago

there was no ſuch thing in Europe as what we now call a ſtanding army; there was nothing but the militia of any country; and therefore it was no way neceſſary for us to have any thing elſe. If we quarelled with any of our neighbours, we were ſure they had nothing but militia to bring againſt us; our militia was, and I hope is ſtill, as good as theirs; but I do not believe that any man will ſay, that the militia of any country can be made fully as good as regular troops, bred up to diſcipline, and accuſtomed to command, for many years: the thing is impoſſible, and is ſo looked on by all the Powers of Europe. There is not now a ſovereign ſtate in Europe but keeps a body of regular troops in his pay; there are none of our neighbours but what keep a much greater number than we do; and therefore it is become in a manner abſolutely neceſſary for us to keep ſome: we muſt have ſome regular troops to oppoſe to thoſe that may upon a ſudden emergency be brought againſt us, and to obſtruct and to oppoſe their paſſage, till we have time to raiſe more. The only queſtion is, how great a number we ought to keep, and in what manner they ought to be kept up, and ſo as not to be dangerous to our conſtitution.

As to the preventing of any danger ariſing from the regular forces kept up, I do not think there can be a better method propoſed than that of keeping them up only by authority of Parliament, and continuing them only from year to year. By this method, Sir, they muſt always be dependent on, and ſubſervient to, the Parliament or people, and conſequently can never be made uſe of for any thing but for the preſervation and ſafety of the people againſt all attempts foreign and domeſtic; and while they are kept up in this manner, they will always be a terror to our enemies, without ſubjecting us to any of thoſe misfortunes which

other

other countries have fallen into. A ſtanding army, I find, is repreſented by ſome gentlemen, who have ſpoken upon the other ſide of the queſtion, as not to be depended upon, even by the King whoſe ſervice they are in. I grant that an army of Britiſh ſubjects, whatever way kept up or modelled, is not to be truſted to by a king who makes any attempts upon the liberties of the people; but if an army raiſed and maintained without the conſent of Parliament is not to be truſted to by a king who has ſuch deſigns, how much leſs can any man depend, for the execution of ſuch deſigns, upon an army ſuch as we have at preſent; an army raiſed, kept up, and maintained, by the people; an army that may be diſmiſſed by them when they pleaſe; and an army that is commanded by gentlemen of ſome of the beſt eſtates and families amongſt us, who never can be ſuppoſed capable of joining in any meaſures for enſlaving a country, where they have ſo great an intereſt, and where their anceſtors have ſo often ſignalized themſelves in the cauſe of liberty? It is not therefore to be imagined, that ever ſuch an army can be of any dangerous conſequence to our liberties, were they much more numerous than they are propoſed to be.

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I always have been, Sir, and always ſhall be, againſt a ſtanding army of any kind; to me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary, or any other deſignation; a ſtanding army is ſtill a ſtanding army, whatever name it be called by; they are a body of men diſtinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws, and blind obedience and an entire ſubmiſſion to the orders of their com-

commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enſlaved, and have been enſlaved by thoſe very means; by means of their ſtanding armies they have every one loſt their liberties; it is, indeed, impoſſible that the liberties of the people can be preſerved in any country where a numerous ſtanding army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our meaſures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid thoſe rocks upon which they have ſplit.

It ſignifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by ſuch gentlemen as cannot be ſuppoſed to join in any meaſures for enſlaving their country. It may be ſo; I hope it is ſo; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any ſuch meaſures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be ſure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all diſmiſſed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Beſides, Sir, we know the paſſions of men; we know how dangerous it is to truſt the beſt of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæſar? Where was there ever an army that had ſerved their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the beſt citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enſlaved their country. The affections of the ſoldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on; by the military law, the adminiſtration of juſtice is ſo quick, and the puniſhments ſo ſevere, that neither officer nor ſoldier dares offer to diſpute the orders of his ſupreme commander; he muſt not conſult his own inclinations; if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this houſe, he muſt do it; he dares not diſobey; immediate

death

death would be the ſure conſequence of the leaſt grumbling. And if an officer were ſent into the Court of Requeſts, accompanied by a body of muſketeers with ſcrewed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this Houſe; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if ſuch a ſpirit could be found in this Houſe, or in any Houſe of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an Engliſh Houſe of Commons, and from an Engliſh army; not only from an Engliſh army, but an army that was raiſed by that very Houſe of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raiſed and maintained by authority of Parliament will always be ſubmiſſive to them: if an army be ſo numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the Parliament, they will be ſubmiſſive as long as the Parliament does nothing to diſoblige their favourite General; but when that caſe happens, I am afraid that, in place of the Parliament's diſmiſſing the army, the army will diſmiſs the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of the Parliament, or of that army, alter the caſe; for with reſpect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament diſmiſſed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raiſed and maintained according to law; and at firſt they were raiſed, as they imagined, for the preſervation of thoſe liberties which they afterwards deſtroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, muſt be for continuing the army: for that very reaſon, Sir, I am againſt continuing the army.

I know

I know that neither the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in his Majeſty's moſt illuſtrious houſe, nor any ſucceſſion, can ever be ſafe, as long as there is a ſtanding army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary ſucceſſion. The firſt two Cæſars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable ſubjection, becauſe the Generals and Officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their ſucceſſors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raiſe himſelf in the army, and could gain their affections, was made Emperor of the world. Was not every ſucceeding Emperor raiſed to the Throne, or tumbled headlong into the duſt, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the ſoldiers?

We are told this army is deſired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How abſurd is this diſtinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the moſt abſolute Monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the ſtanding armies of thoſe countries which have already ſubmitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his Majeſty's own mouth we are aſſured of a profound tranquillity abroad; we know there is one at home; if this is not a proper time, if theſe circumſtances do not afford us a ſafe opportunity for reducing, at leaſt, a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to ſee any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, muſt be loaded with a heavy charge of pepetually ſupporting a numerous ſtanding army, and remain for ever expoſed to the

the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future King or Miniſtry who ſhall take it in their heads to do ſo, and ſhall take a proper care to model the army for that purpoſe.

II. *A Parliamentary Debate, in the year* 1734, *on a Motion for giving any Prizes taken in a War with Spain, to the Officers and Seamen, concerned in taking them.*

SPEAKERS,

Mr. Pulteney,	*Mr. Henry Fox,*
Sir W. Yonge,	*The Speaker,*
Sir W. Wyndham,	*Mr. Winnington,*
Sir R. Walpole,	*Mr. Hay,*
Sir J. Barnard,	*Mr. Wright,*

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,

THE advanced ſeaſon of the year, together with the apprehenſions of a rupture happening between Spain and Great Britain, before our next meeting, makes it neceſſary for us to enter into ſuch meaſures as may render the war, ſhould it happen, ſucceſsful on our part. By the reſolutions which we have already come to this ſeſſion, we have enabled his Majeſty to provide for war; we have declared our readineſs to ſtand by him, in whatever meaſures he may find neceſſary for vindicating the honour of his Crown, for procuring reparation to his injured ſubjects, and ſatisfaction for the inſults that have been put upon the nation. At the ſame time, Sir, theſe reſolutions are upon the cleareſt proofs of an inſolent, unjuſtifiable conduct on the part of Spain, and which, without a very ample ſatisfaction

faction on their part, muſt unavoidably occaſion a war betwixt the two nations before next ſeſſion of Parliament.

At preſent, therefore, I ſhall humbly move, That an act made in the ſixth year of Queen Anne, and to continue only during that war, may be revived, by which it is enacted, "That if any veſſel ſhall be taken by any ſhip of war or "privateer, and condemned as prize, the officers and ſea-"men concerned in taking her ſhall have the ſole intereſt "and property in the ſhip and cargo ſo taken."

Sir William Yonge.

SIR,—I believe gentlemen will be pretty much diſappointed, when I aſſure them that I do not riſe up to oppoſe this bill. I cannot, however, avoid taking notice how different the time and manner in which the bill mentioned was brought in, is from the time and manner in which the honourable gentleman propoſes to bring in his bill.

As to the time, Sir; the former bill was paſſed, after the nation had been five or ſix years in actual war; therefore neither we nor our allies could ſuffer by any precipitate declaration of ſuch a meaſure as this is. By the bill in Queen Anne's reign, we did not make one nation in Europe our enemy; we gave no jealouſy to our allies; we put the Crown under no difficulties: but I ſhall ſubmit it to gentlemen's conſideration, how far it is poſſible to avoid theſe inconveniences, ſhould ſuch a bill paſs at preſent. It would, perhaps, Sir, be looked upon as anticipating the debate, ſhould I enter upon any diſcuſſion of our preſent ſituation at home and abroad. That is a conſideration which will be much more proper when the bill is brought before us. Thus much only I will venture to ſay, that I ſhall never be either afraid or aſhamed of oppoſing any bill which may tend to plunge this nation into a doubtful and, perhaps, ruinous war.

Having

Having ſaid thus much, Sir, with regard to the timeing of this bill, give me leave juſt to touch upon the manner in which it is brought in. I am old enough, Sir, to remember, that when the bill, paſſed the ſixth year of Queen Anne, for the purpoſes mentioned by the honourable gentleman, was brought in, the Crown had previouſly given up its title to the ſhare which it claimed in the prizes. We had likewiſe regard to the rights of the Lord High Admiral. Gentlemen will conſider, if we can properly bring in a bill of this nature, without ſome previous ſteps of that kind. However, as I am entirely ignorant of the ſhape in which the bill may appear, I ſhall not oppoſe its being brought in.

Sir William Wyndham.

SIR,—The honourable gentleman, who ſpoke laſt, did not, indeed, oppoſe the motion for bringing in this bill, but he took care to let gentlemen know, that he thought it a very wrong thing to bring it in at all. But I hope gentlemen will not be ſo far prepoſſeſſed againſt it as to think it a bad bill, becauſe one gentleman does not think it fit for his purpoſe. As to what the honourable gentleman ſaid about the time in which this bill is moved for, inſtead of being ſorry with him that it is too precipitate, I am ſorry we are ſo late in moving it. We are not, indeed, in actual war with the Spaniards, but I am ſure they are at war with us, and have been ſo theſe twenty years; therefore it is now high time for us to ſhew them that we dare make war upon them.

The honourable gentleman's other objection was to the manner in which this bill is to be brought in. I believe, Sir, it is as regularly moved for as any other bill of the ſame or a like nature ever was. We have, indeed, had no previous notice from the Crown of a ceſſion of its right in the

the prizes; but I apprehend there is no occaſion for it, as will appear when the bill is brought in. As to what the honourable gentleman ſaid about the Crown's previouſly giving up its ſhare of the prizes, if it is a fact, it diſcovered great wiſdom and honeſty in the then Miniſtry in adviſing the Crown to ſuch a ceſſion; but I apprehend the ceſſion, which the honourable gentleman means, was no other than a paragraph in a ſpeech from the Throne, three or four years before the act, from which you have heard the paragraphs read, was paſſed, and which, I believe, had no weight with the Houſe of Commons which paſſed this act. The honourable gentleman mentioned the rights of the Lord High Admiral. If the Lord High Admiral has any claim againſt this bill, I dare ſay the gentleman, in whom that great office is veſted, will take care that no future Lord High Admiral ſhall ſuffer for want of an oppoſition to any invaſion upon his right. I hope, too, gentlemen will not be amuſed by any aſſertions or inſinuations, as if this bill were diſreſpectful to the Crown, or prejudicial to any of the great officers: it can be of prejudice to none but to thoſe who are of prejudice to the nation.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—I do not riſe up now to give my negative to the bill before us: I only intend at preſent to throw out a few inconveniences that to me appear to lie againſt it; which, upon our farther progreſs, may be worthy our conſideration. At the ſame time I own myſelf to be under great difficulties. On the one hand, ſhould I vote for meaſures that muſt either inevitably plunge us into an expenſive and uncertain war, or make the concluſion of a ſafe and honourable peace more difficult, I ſhall act contrary to my own private opinion, contrary to the duty I owe to his Majeſty from the ſtation I have the honour to poſſeſs in his councils,

and

and contrary to what I owe my country from the ſeat I have in this Houſe; on the other hand, I am too ſenſible of the many violences committed and ſeizures made by the Spaniards to oppoſe any thing that carries a probability of contributing to the ſatisfaction which is due to our injured merchants, to the honour of the nation, and the dignity of the Crown of Great Britain.

I know how unpopular every argument is on the ſide of peace; and I know likewiſe, that every thing that comes from a Miniſter, that has a tendency that way, is looked upon as proceeding from his fear of war. I have been long uſed to hear theſe reflections; but I have always diſregarded a popularity that was not acquired by a hearty zeal for the public intereſt; and I have been long enough in this Houſe to ſee, that the moſt ſteady oppoſers of popularity, founded upon any other views, have lived to receive the thanks of their country for that oppoſition. The experience, Sir, of this has often encouraged me to oppoſe popular meaſures when they were wrong, and ſometimes to promote unpopular ones if they were right. The experience of this, Sir, has made me lay before you my objections with regard to the paſſing the preſent bill. But at the ſame time, Sir, I am as much againſt throwing cold water upon the zeal which this Houſe has ſhown with regard to the inſults offered to our country, as any gentleman here: nay, Sir, give me leave to ſay, that my own intereſt is concerned; and had I no other, is a ſtrong motive for our doing every thing that can procure us juſt ſatisfaction. I know, Sir, how far Miniſters are accountable for the counſel they give their Sovereign, and how far this Houſe, in former times, looked upon them as anſwerable for the conduct of the Sovereign; and I think, Sir, they ſhould be anſwerable. It is but a mean excuſe for a Miniſter, when any wrong ſtep is made in Government, that he is not accountable

countable for the event of meaſures that never were adviſed by him, and when he was over-ruled by his ſuperiors. I have always diſdained theſe mean ſubterfuges; and with what face can I again appear in this Houſe, if full and ample ſatisfaction is not made us, or, at leaſt, if we do not do our utmoſt to obtain it, either by fair and peaceable means, or by exerting all our ſtrength in caſe a war becomes neceſſary? If my country ſhould call me to an account, I would very willingly take upon me the blame of every ſtep that has been made by the Government ſince I had the honour to enter into the Adminiſtration. As to the common notion of Miniſters being afraid to enter into a war, I do not underſtand upon what it can be grounded. For my part, I never could ſee any cauſe, either from reaſon, or my own experience, to imagine that a Miniſter is not as ſafe in time of war, as in time of peace. Nay, Sir, if we are to judge by reaſon alone, it is the intereſt of a Miniſter, conſcious of any miſmanagement, that there ſhould be a war, becauſe by a war the eyes of the public are diverted from examining into his conduct; nor is he accountable for the bad ſucceſs of a war, as he is for that of an Adminiſtration. So ill-grounded a notion, therefore, can have no weight with gentlemen who judge for themſelves; and ſuch gentlemen, I doubt not, will attribute my backwardneſs to a war, not to a fear of inquiry, but to a real concern for the good of the nation.

Sir John Barnard.

SIR,—This bill is in every part ſo evidently calculated for the ends propoſed by it, that I am greatly ſurpriſed that the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt againſt it, and who, by his fore-known diſapprobation, has raiſed all the oppoſition it has met with, can ſee the clauſes he objects to in ſo diſadvantageous a light. I am perſuaded, if gentlemen had ſeriouſly

ſeriouſly reflected on the deſign and natural conſequences of ſuch a bill, they would have ſpared their objections. The principal end, Sir, propoſed by it is, to prevent a war; and the way to obtain this end is, by a public act of the Legiſlature to make it known to all the world, that we have raiſed the ardour, and encouraged the hopes of our ſeamen; that we have animated all our fellow ſubjects, in caſe a peace is refuſed, to diſtreſs the enemy, by ſeizing their wealth and poſſeſſions, and conſequently diminiſhing their power. All the arguments, therefore, brought againſt the bill, on the ſuppoſition that it will tend to plunge us into a war, are drawn from wrong concluſions. Inſtead, Sir, of precipitating us into a war, this bill muſt haſten on a peace. By it we are aſſiſting the Miniſtry; we are ſtrengthening their hands; we are giving weight to their negotiations; we are letting Spain ſee, that we are in earneſt to ſecure our rights, by a ſafe and honourable peace, or to vindicate them by a vigorous war. In a word, Sir, if the warmeſt friend of the Miniſtry, if the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt had himſelf been forming meaſures to procure a peace, he could not have thought on a more ready and more effectual expedient than this bill.

Mr. Henry Fox.

SIR,—The bill, now under our conſideration, is, in my opinion, of the greateſt importance; greater, perhaps, than gentlemen commonly apprehend. The queſtion with me is, not whether ſuch or ſuch clauſes of the bill are proper for our aſſent, but whether this is a proper time for paſſing ſuch a bill? Were we in an actual war with Spain, I do not deny but there are ſeveral clauſes in this bill which might very much conduce towards rendering it ſucceſsful on our parts: but, Sir, as his Majeſty has not thought fit to declare that matters are come to ſuch an extremity,

tremity, as to render it impoſſible to make up matters without our entering into a war, I ſhould think it extremely imprudent in us to uſurp that part of the royal prerogative, which in effect we do, ſhould we paſs this bill into a law. Beſides, Sir, I think it can be proved to demonſtration, that the paſſing of this bill in any ſhape, at this juncture, muſt greatly alarm, not only the Spaniards and the French, but even our moſt favoured allies. Nay, more, Sir, our own merchants, I am afraid, would, in caſe of an immediate rupture with Spain, be the greateſt ſufferers. This, Sir, muſt happen, not only by the great inſurance which has in this country been made upon thoſe effects, which poſſibly may come into the hands of our privateers and ſhips of war, but by the concerns they have with the Dutch, the French, and all other European nations. Commerce is of a very delicate nature; and whatever affects too ſenſibly one part of the trading intereſt, muſt neceſſarily affect the whole. Therefore, Sir, I think it would be highly improper for us to paſs a bill that muſt give ſuch a ſhock to our allies, as our paſſing this bill at this juncture muſt certainly do. If the inſtances of his Majeſty, for a fair and honourable peace, ſhould be ineffectual, it is very probable that ſuch bill will be then thought of. But we ought by no means to anticipate the rupture, by doing any thing that may render it unavoidable. I ſhall not trouble the Houſe farther at preſent; other gentlemen, I dare ſay, will ſpeak more fully upon the queſtion: but I thought my bare negative was not ſufficient upon this occaſion, without my ſhowing publickly how certainly I am againſt our paſſing this bill.

The Speaker.

GENTLEMEN,—Though the debate upon this bill has extended to a conſiderable length, I muſt beg leave to remind

mind you that the Houſe is not yet in a Committee upon it. I muſt therefore take the liberty to interrupt the debate, by calling the attention of the Houſe to another ſubject, which is to the amendments of the corn bill. Gentlemen know very well, that this day they are to have a conference with the Lords about ſome amendments to another bill. As I believe the conference will not continue long, perhaps not half an hour, and very little time will be ſpent in reporting it, I thought the moſt proper way of proceeding on the buſineſs of the day was, firſt to conſider the amendments of the corn bill, then go to the conference; and when gentlemen are returned from the conference, which may be about half an hour after two o'clock, to call in the order of the day, for which the preſent motion is made. This, gentlemen, is the ſcheme which I had digeſted with myſelf, and I wiſh it may be agreeable to the Houſe.

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,—When I made the motion, it was not with a deſign to put the Houſe to any inconvenience, or to interrupt the other buſineſs of the day. But ſince the Seſſion of Parliament is now ſo far advanced, that, if I am rightly informed, it will continue but three days longer; and ſince this bill is of the greateſt conſequence to the trade and welfare of the nation, and if we do not go through it today in the Committee, it is in danger of being dropped entirely, I thought it neceſſary to preſs the conſideration of it. The corn bill, I know, though of leſs importance, will, when we enter upon it, engroſs much of our time, of which part may be ſaved by putting off the report for a day, becauſe gentlemen will have leiſure to concert the amendments among themſelves, and the Houſe will, perhaps, eſcape the trouble of a debate. But the bill in my hand is

of a different nature; it is a bill in which we are all equally concerned, a bill for which the Public are anxious, and which claims all the attention we can give; in my humble opinion, therefore, gentlemen can never be more uſefully employed, than in ſeriouſly examining how it may be amended and altered ſo as beſt to anſwer the ends for which it is calculated. For theſe reaſons, Sir, I ſhall beg leave to inſiſt upon my motion.

Mr. Winnington.

SIR,—I do not believe there is a gentleman in this Houſe who remembers a ſingle inſtance of the order of the day being called for before two o'clock. It has always been the method of this Houſe to receive reports before any other buſineſs was engaged in; and I have now, Sir, in my hand, the report of a Committee upon the amendments to a bill, upon which the Houſe has beſtowed more time and conſideration than upon any bill that has been before it this ſeſſion. I ſhall not diſpute the importance of the bill which the honourable gentleman has in his hand; but ſurely, Sir, gentlemen have no reaſon to complain of the reception it has met with from the Houſe. It has been twice read, and ordered to be committed, in as ſhort a time as any bill could be at the end of a ſeſſion, and amidſt ſuch a multiplicity of buſineſs. Nay, it has been debated for a conſiderable time, and is now only interrupted till ſome buſineſs is diſpatched which ought neceſſarily to come before it. It is therefore, Sir, I think, but reaſonable, that the report I have now in my hand be now received, and that the bill, for which the honourable gentleman intereſts himſelf, ſhould take its turn in a regular way.

The Speaker.

That, I muſt confeſs, is my opinion; and I could wiſh, for the ſake of avoiding any farther diſputes, that the honourable gentleman would agree to it.

Mr.

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,—Though I might very well be excuſed from retracting the motion I have made, yet your judgment ſhall always have great influence with me; if, therefore, gentlemen will be pleaſed to agree to your propoſal, I am content, that the report which the honourable gentleman has to make, be now received.

Mr. Winnington.

SIR,—As gentlemen ſeem agreed in the propriety and juſtice of your requeſt, I ſhall beg leave to move, that if the conſideration of the amendments to the corn bill ſhould not be concluded before two o'clock, when we are to have a conference with the Houſe of Lords, that a farther conſideration of theſe amendments ſhall be reſumed when the conference is over, and that the Houſe go upon no other buſineſs till that of the corn bill is finiſhed.

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,—If there is either faith, honour, or common juſtice among gentlemen, this motion ought not to be agreed to. I appeal to every gentleman in the Houſe, if I did not retract my motion from a deference to your judgment, which influenced me to agree to what was contrary to my own. You were pleaſed, Sir, to inform us, how you had digeſted the buſineſs of the day in your own mind: and, in conſequence of your propoſal, we were, immediately after the conference, to enter upon the order of the day. This, Sir, I agreed to, and not one gentleman expreſſed his diſſent. With what face, then, can gentlemen make a motion ſo contrary to what they agreed to ſcarce a minute ago? This, Sir, is, I own, a very extraordinary manner of proceeding among gentlemen; and for that reaſon, Sir, were it for no other, I hope this Houſe will never agree to ſo pernicious a precedent.

Mr. Winnington.

SIR,—I do not know how juſt a conſtruction the honourable gentleman, who ſpoke laſt, has put upon your words, but I am ſure I underſtood them in a manner quite different from what he ſeems to have done. It never entered, Sir, into my head to think that we were to leave the corn bill abruptly, and not proceed again in it when the Houſe comes from the conference. I could wiſh, indeed, that gentlemen had met with no difficulties in the amendments, that we might have gone into a Committee upon the honourable gentleman's motion when we returned from the conference. But, Sir, as this is a bill of very great conſequence to the cities of London and Weſtminſter, I hope gentlemen will be pleaſed to conſider, that if they ſhould poſtpone it now, it may not, perhaps, be ready for the royal aſſent this ſeſſion, and that before the next, extortion may proceed to greater enormities, and the grievance become too heavy to be borne. A man, Sir, muſt always be the beſt judge of his own intentions; and I declare I never had an intention of leaving this bill unfiniſhed, in order to proceed upon another, which, however fond ſome gentlemen are of it, may, perhaps, when carefully examined, not be found of ſuch importance as they imagine.

Mr. Hay.

SIR,—As the preſent diſpute between the honourable gentlemen ſeems to turn upon a matter of fact, I riſe to give evidence to what I believe to be the truth. In my opinion, Sir, the honourable gentleman, who propoſed that the Houſe ſhould proceed upon the amendments to the corn bill, never dropped a ſingle word from which it could be inferred, that he ſhould be willing that the Houſe ſhould leave the bill without compleating it, in order to examine

mine another bill, only becauſe it is ſo much a favourite with the honourable gentleman who adopted it. If, Sir, one gentleman has a fondneſs for a bill, which, perhaps, has coſt him ſome trouble in preparing and bringing it into the Houſe, ſure it is very reaſonable to indulge another gentleman in the ſame partiality for one that has coſt the Houſe ſo much time and trouble in examining, canvaſſing, and amending it, as the bill for the regulation of the price of corn has done.

For this reaſon, Sir, I am for reſuming the conſideration of this bill, and when we have gone through it, I ſhall, with all my heart, agree to our examining the other bill, if the Houſe ſhall think proper. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot ſee with what reaſon the honourable gentleman who made the motion firſt, ſhould accuſe gentlemen of breach of faith, honour, and common juſtice, for not underſtanding your words in the very ſame manner with himſelf. Nor, indeed, do I think a matter of this ſmall importance ought to have taken up ſo much of our time. Nobody oppoſes our going into a Committee upon this bill: only let us do it at a convenient time, without poſtponing other buſineſs that ought to have the preference. Therefore, Sir, I am entirely of opinion that we ought to reſume the conſideration of the amendments to the bill for regulating the price of corn.

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,—From what was laſt ſpoken I can eaſily foreſee the fate of the bill I have now in my hand. I can diſcern through all theſe thin diſguiſes, that ſome gentlemen have recourſe to a mere expedient to hinder us from continuing the debate upon a bill, againſt which no ſhew of reaſon or argument can be advanced. I hate, Sir, all expedients, and

I diſdain all Miniſters who uſe them. Some Miniſters, Sir, there are who live upon expedients, and who cannot do their dirty work without them. Expedients, Sir, in the hands of weak Miniſters, are the inſtruments of defeating the moſt beneficial, and promoting the moſt deſtructive meaſures. Some Miniſters know, Sir, that the bill for which I now ſtand up, is a bill that leaves no room for cobweb negotiations, inconſiſtent treaties, or mock expeditions for the future; and that, Sir, is the reaſon why this method is made uſe of to undermine it. If I had been capable of acting as the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt had ſuggeſted, I might have had many opportunities of taking the advantage of a thin Houſe, either to bring in or throw out bills of the great ſort. I appeal to every gentleman who hears me, if it has not been many times in my power to have dropped in even upon a land-tax bill, with half a dozen of my friends, and to have thrown it out. But, Sir, I always diſdained theſe arts; the bill, Sir, for which I have laboured, will, I hope, recommend itſelf to every gentleman who has a juſt view of his country's honour; and if it is decreed that it muſt fall to the ground, I ſhall, at leaſt, have the ſatisfaction of doing my duty honeſtly as an Engliſhman, and a member of this Houſe. One good conſequence, I am perſuaded, will attend it: my countrymen will learn, by the fate of it, what they are to expect; they will learn, Sir, whether we are tamely to ſubmit to inſolence and oppreſſion, or to ſeize the means of redreſs.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—Though the manner in which the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt delivered himſelf may well excuſe me from ſaying any thing, in anſwer to a ſpeech ſo very unpar-

unparliamentary, and ſo very inconſiſtent with all the rules of common decency, yet I think I ought to ſhow ſo much regard to the Houſe as to declare, that I abhor dirty expedients as much as the honourable gentleman would be thought to do. As for his common-place railing againſt Miniſters, it gives me very little trouble, ſo long as I am conſcious I do not deſerve to have it applied to me. Were I ambitious of ſhowing my wit, I might have a fair opportunity of doing it, by exerciſing it againſt mock-patriots as much as the honourable gentleman had been pleaſed to do againſt corrupt Miniſters, and both, perhaps, might be equally inſtructive. But railing of all kinds, Sir, has always been looked upon as the laſt expedient of diſappointed ambition, and a poor expedient it is. Were I one who for many years had unſucceſsfully endeavoured, by all the arts that malice and falſehood could ſuggeſt, to work myſelf into thoſe poſts and dignities, that I outwardly affected to deſpiſe, I know not but my temper might be ſo far ſoured, as to induce me to make uſe of this expedient; but really, Sir, if I did I ſhould make but a very poor figure in the world. Why the honourable gentleman ſhould ſuppoſe there was any premeditated deſign in the Miniſtry to throw out his favourite bill, I cannot comprehend. I believe every gentleman here will, in his own mind, acquit the Miniſtry of any ſuch deſign, when he reflects upon the circumſtance that gave riſe to this debate. I appeal to the judgment of every unbiaſſed lover of his country, as by this judgment I wiſh to ſtand or fall.

Mr. Wright.

SIR,—I doubt not but every gentleman in this Houſe feels himſelf as much hurt as I am at the preſent debate; how muſt it affect every lover of parliamentary decorum to ſee gentlemen of the firſt abilities deſcend to perſonal reproaches, and take up the time of the Houſe, that time

which is ſo precious, at this important criſis, in breaking through every regulation, which our anceſtors have ſo wiſely ſettled for the diſpatch of national buſineſs! This buſineſs, Sir, calls loudly upon us to put an end to the preſent contention; and, if I may be allowed an opinion in this caſe, nothing is ſo likely to do it, as reverting to the origin of the diſpute: the queſtion is, Sir, whether the bill which has been already debated, or the corn bill, ſhould be reſumed after the conference with the Lords is over? Now, Sir, as it depends principally upon you to clear up the fact that gave riſe to the debate, I ſhall take the liberty to beg, that you would inform the Houſe how the matter ſtands, and doubt not but each of the contending parties will chearfully acquieſce in your deciſion. [All, *Chair! Chair! Chair!*]

The Speaker.

GENTLEMEN,—I am extremely ſorry that any thing which fell from me ſhould have given occaſion to a debate of this kind; and it is a very diſagreeable buſineſs to be obliged to declare my opinion in the preſent caſe: however, gentlemen, as you call upon me ſo loudly and ſo unanimouſly to do it, I will, without regard to any perſons or to any diſtinctions, inform the Houſe of my real ſentiments. When I made this controverted propoſal, I thought there was but very little to do in the corn bill, and that it might have been eaſily over before the hour appointed for the conference; and, indeed, I muſt, in juſtice to the honourable gentleman who made the firſt motion, declare, that, as I underſtood it, he retracted his motion upon the ſuppoſition that the Houſe complied with the terms which I propoſed. Theſe terms were, that we ſhould, after the conference was over, immediately go into a Committee upon the honourable gentleman's bill. As no objection was made to what I ſuggeſted, either by the honourable gentleman who made the

the laſt motion, or any of his friends, I did, indeed, take it for granted, that the terms of my propoſal were actually agreed to. However, I ſhall be very happy, if what I am now going to ſuggeſt can contribute to make up this breach. The conference will probably be over in half a hour, during which time all proceedings on buſineſs in this Houſe are at a ſtand, and gentlemen may thereby have an opportunity of preparing matters ſo as to render it eaſy for the Houſe to diſpatch the corn bill in a very ſhort time; I ſhall therefore take the liberty to propoſe, that after gentlemen are returned from the conference, the Houſe ſhall proceed for half an hour upon the corn bill, and then reſolve into a Committee on the other. If the corn bill cannot be diſpatched in half an hour, I hope gentlemen will be pleaſed to agree with our meeting to-morrow; and if they will come early, I believe we ſhall have time enough for going through the corn bill, and receiving the report of the other bill.

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,—I own the warmth of my temper tranſported me, when I ſpoke laſt, into ſome expreſſions, for which I am now very ſorry. But what man, treated as I was, could have avoided ſome exceſs? As you, Sir, have been ſo candid as to inform the Houſe of the truth of the matter, and ſo kind as to propoſe the method of our proceeding, I entirely agree with your propoſal. I hope it is fully underſtood by gentlemen, and that there will be no miſtakes about it when the proper time comes.

III. *A Parliamentary Debate on a Vote of Thanks to the King, for his Speech, and upon an Inquiry into the State of the Nation, in the fourteenth Year of George II.* 1740.

SPEAKERS,

Mr. Herbert,	*Sir Robert Walpole,*
L. Noel Somerſet,	*Mr. Pulteney,*
Mr. Gybbon,	*Mr. Phillips,*
Mr. Shippen,	*Mr. Trevor.*

Mr. Herbert.

MR. SPEAKER,—As his Majeſty has ſummoned a new Parliament, and has been graciouſly pleaſed to communicate his intentions to us by the ſpeech we have juſt heard, it ſeems abſolutely neceſſary for us to vote an addreſs of thanks.

To addreſs the Throne on the preſent occaſion, is a cuſtom which, as it is founded on reaſon and decency, has always been obſerved by the Commons of Great Britain; nor do I ſuſpect this Houſe of any intention to omit theſe forms of reſpect to his Majeſty, which our anceſtors always paid even to Princes, whoſe conduct and deſigns gave them no claim to reverence or gratitude.

To continue, therefore, Sir, a practice which the nature of Government itſelf makes neceſſary, and which cannot but be acknowledged to be in a peculiar degree proper under a Prince, whoſe perſonal virtues are ſo generally known, I hope for the indulgence of this Houſe in the liberty which I ſhall take of propoſing an addreſs to this effect:

'To return his Majeſty the thanks of this Houſe for his 'royal care in proſecuting the war with Spain, and that, 'in

'in order to anſwer the great and neceſſary purpoſes of it, 'this Houſe will offer ſuch advice as becomes faithful and 'dutiful ſubjects, and grant ſuch effectual ſupplies as ſhall 'enable his Majeſty to ſupport and aſſiſt his friends and 'allies, at ſuch times, and in ſuch manner, as the exigency 'and circumſtances of affairs ſhall require.'

Mr. Trevor.

SIR,—As the neceſſity of an addreſs to his Majeſty cannot be diſputed, the only queſtion on this occaſion muſt be, whether the addreſs now propoſed be ſuch as it may become this Houſe to offer in the preſent conjuncture of affairs.

In an addreſs, Sir, it is neceſſary to preſerve at once the reſpect due to our Sovereign, and the dignity which may juſtly be aſſumed by the repreſentatives of the people of Great Britain, a people whoſe birth-right gives them a claim to approach their Sovereign; not, indeed, without the utmoſt reſpect, but with language which abſolute Monarchs never hear from the ſlaves by whom they are ſurrounded.

This reſpect and dignity appear to me to be very happily united in the addreſs now propoſed; in which we join with our profeſſions of duty, our offers of advice, and aſſert our claim to the direction of the national expences by our promiſe to grant the neceſſary ſupplies.

As there cannot therefore, in my opinion, Sir, be anything added to the addreſs now offered, and there appears to me no neceſſity of any alteration or omiſſion, I ſecond the motion.

Lord Noel Somerſet.

SIR,—Though I am far from intending to leſſen, by trifling objections, the zeal which the honourable gentle-

man who propoſed the addreſs has ſhewn for promoting the public buſineſs, yet as it is very inconſiſtent with the duty of a member of this Houſe to prefer civility to truth, and to ſacrifice to ceremony or complaiſance the intereſt of his country, I think it neceſſary to declare my opinion, that though the addreſs propoſed may admit of many amendments, which I leave to other gentlemen to make, I think the addition of one clauſe abſolutely neceſſary; that his Majeſty may be deſired not to engage this nation in a war for the preſervation of his foreign dominions: dominions, which, as they are in themſelves independent of the Crown of Great Britain, and governed by different laws, and by a different right, have been ſeparated by an expreſs clauſe from theſe kingdoms, in the act to which his Majeſty owes his title to the Throne.

This requeſt, Sir, is at this time particularly expedient when the Continent is in confuſion, and the territories of Hanover are endangered by the approach of the French forces. Beſides, as nothing is more fatal than groundleſs expectations of aſſiſtance, it may contribute to the ſafety of that people, to ſhew them that they are to depend upon their own ſtrength, to call their forces together, to fortify their towns, and guard their avenues; and that, if they ſit indolent and careleſs, in confidence that the power of Great Britain will be employed in their defence, they will only give their enemies an eaſy conqueſt, and enſlave themſelves and their poſterity to a foreign power. I move, therefore, that his Majeſty be deſired, in our addreſs, not to engage theſe kingdoms in a war for the preſervation of his foreign dominions.

Mr. Shippen.

SIR,—I know not how ſucceſsfully I may repeat aſſertions in this Houſe, for which I have formerly been cenſured,

ſured, and which few other members have hitherto maintained; but I riſe with confidence that I ſhall be, at leaſt, acknowledged to act conſiſtently with myſelf, in ſeconding the noble perſon who ſpoke laſt; and I am convinced that many who differ from me in opinion, would be glad to boaſt of reſembling my ſteadineſs of conduct.

But ſteadineſs, Sir, is the effect only of integrity; he that ſpeaks always what he thinks, and endeavours by diligent inquiry to think aright, before he ventures to declare his ſentiments; he that follows, in his ſearches, no leader but reaſon, nor expects any reward from them but the advantage of diſcovering truth, and the pleaſures of communicating it, will not eaſily change his opinion, becauſe it will ſeldom be eaſy to ſhew, that he who has honeſtly inquired after truth, has failed to attain it.

For my part, I am neither aſhamed nor afraid to affirm that thirty years have made no change in any of my political opinions; I am now grown old in this Houſe; but that experience, which is the conſequence of age, has only confirmed the principles with which I entered it many years ago; time has verified the predictions which I formerly uttered, and I have ſeen my conjectures ripened into knowledge.

I ſhould be therefore without excuſe if either terror could affright, or the hope of advantage allure me, from the declaration of my opinions; opinions, which I was not deterred from aſſerting, when the proſpect of a longer life than I now can expect, might have added to the temptations of ambition, or aggravated the terrors of poverty and diſgrace; opinions, for which I would willingly have ſuffered the ſevereſt cenſures, even when I had eſpouſed them only in compliance with reaſon, without the infallible certainty of experience.

Of truth, it has been always obſerved, Sir, that every day

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adds to its eſtabliſhment, and that falſehoods, however ſpecious, however ſupported by power, or eſtabliſhed by confederacies, are unable to ſtand before the ſtroke of time; againſt the inconveniences and vexations of long life, may be ſet the pleaſure of diſcovering truth; perhaps the only pleaſure that age affords. Nor is it a ſlight ſatisfaction, to a man not utterly infatuated or depraved, to find opportunities of rectifying his notions, and regulating his conduct by new lights.

But much greater is the happineſs of that man, to whom every day brings a new proof of the reaſonableneſs of his former determinations, and who finds, by the moſt unerring teſt, that his life has been ſpent in promoting doctrines beneficial to mankind. This, Sir, is the happineſs which I now enjoy, and for which thoſe who never ſhall attain it, muſt look for an equivalent in lucrative employments, honorary titles, pompous equipages, and ſplendid palaces.

Theſe, Sir, are the advantages which are to be gained by a ſeaſonable variation of principles, and by a ready compliance with the prevailing faſhion of opinions; advantages, which I, indeed, cannot envy when they are purchaſed at ſo high a price, but of which age and obſervation have too frequently ſhewn me the unbounded influence; and to which I cannot deny that I have always aſcribed the inſtability of conduct, and inconſiſtency of aſſertions which I have diſcovered in many men, whoſe abilities I have no reaſon to depreciate, and of whom I cannot but believe they would eaſily diſtinguiſh truth, were no falſehood recommended to them by the glittering ornaments of wealth and power.

If there are in this new Parliament any men devoted to their private intereſt, and who prefer the gratification of their paſſions to the ſafety and happineſs of their country, who

who can riot without remorſe in the plunder of their conſtituents, who can forget the anguiſh of guilt in the noiſe of a feaſt, the pomp of a drawing-room, or the glare of an equipage, and think expenſive wickedneſs and the gaieties of folly equivalent to the fair fame of fidelity and the peace of virtue; to them I ſhall ſpeak to no purpoſe; for I am far from imagining any power in my language to gain thoſe to truth, who have reſigned their hearts to avarice or ambition, or to prevail upon men to change opinions, which they have, indeed, never believed, though they are hired to aſſert them. For there is a degree of wickedneſs which no reproof or argument can reclaim, as there is a degree of ſtupidity which no inſtruction can enlighten.

To exempt myſelf, therefore, from ſuch guilt, to diſcharge the truſt conferred on me by my country, and to perform the duty which I owe to my King, I ſtand up to ſecond this motion.

Mr. Gybbon.

SIR,—It is well known, that the ſpeeches from the Throne, though pronounced by the King, are always, conſidered as the compoſitions of the Miniſtry, upon whom any falſe aſſertions ſhould be charged, as the informers and counſellors of the Crown.

It is well known likewiſe, that whenever this Houſe returns thanks to the King for any meaſures that have been purſued, thoſe meaſures are ſuppoſed to be approved by them, and that approbation may be pleaded by the Miniſter in his defence, whenever he ſhall be required to anſwer for the event of his counſels.

It is therefore, in my opinion, extremely unreaſonable to propoſe, that thanks ſhould be returned to his Majeſty for his royal care in proſecuting the war againſt Spain; for what has been the conſequence of that care, for which our

thanks

thanks are to be with ſo much ſolemnity returned, but defeats, diſgrace, and loſſes, the ruin of our merchants, the impriſonment of our ſailors, idle ſhews of armaments, and uſeleſs expences?

What are the events which are to be recorded in an impartial account of this war; a war, provoked by ſo long a train of inſults and injuries, and carried on with ſo apparent inequality of forces? Have we deſtroyed the fleets of our enemies, fired their towns, and laid their fortreſſes in ruins? Have we conquered their colonies, and plundered their cities, and reduced them to a neceſſity of receding from their unjuſt claims, and repaying the plunder of our merchants? Are their Ambaſſadors now ſoliciting peace at the Court of Great Britain, or applying to the neighbouring Princes to moderate the reſentment of their victorious enemies?

I am afraid that the effects of our preparations, however formidable, are very different; they have only raiſed diſcontent among our countrymen, and contempt among our enemies.

I hope no man will be ſo unjuſt, or can be ſo ignorant, as to inſinuate or believe, that I impute any part of our miſcarriages to the perſonal conduct of his Majeſty, or that I think his Majeſty's concern for the proſperity of his people unworthy of the warmeſt and ſincereſt gratitude. If the addreſs were confined to the inſpection of our Sovereign alone, I ſhould be very far from cenſuring or ridiculing it; for his Majeſty has not the event of war in his power, nor can confer upon his Miniſters or Generals that knowledge which they have neglected to acquire, or that capacity which nature has denied them. He may perform more than we have a right to expect, and yet be unſucceſsful; he may deſerve the utmoſt gratitude, even when,

when, by the miſconduct of his ſervants, the nation is diſtreſſed.

But, Sir, in drawing up an addreſs we ſhould remember that we are declaring our ſentiments, not only to His Majeſty, but to all Europe: to our allies, our enemies, and our poſterity; that this addreſs will be underſtood, juſt like all others; that thanks offered in this manner, by cuſtom, ſignify approbation; and that, therefore, we muſt at preſent repreſs our gratitude, becauſe it can only bring into contempt our Sovereign and ourſelves.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—I am very far from thinking that the war againſt Spain has been ſo unſucceſsful as ſome gentlemen have repreſented it; that the loſſes which we have ſuffered have been more frequent than we had reaſon to expect from the ſituation of our enemies, and the courſe of our trade; or our defeats, ſuch as the common chance of war does not often produce, even when the inequality of the contending powers is inconteſtible, and the ultimate event as near to certainty, as the nature of human affairs ever can admit.

Nor am I convinced, Sir, even though it ſhould be allowed that no exaggeration had been made of our miſcarriages, that the impropriety of an addreſs of thanks to his Majeſty for his royal care in the management of the war, is groſs and flagrant. For if it be allowed that his Majeſty may be innocent of all the miſconduct that has produced our defeats; that he may have formed ſchemes wiſely, which were unſkilfully proſecuted: that even valour and knowledge concurring will not always obtain ſucceſs; and that therefore ſome loſſes may be ſuffered, and ſome defeats received, though not only his Majeſty gave the wiſeſt directions, but his officers executed them with the utmoſt diligence and fidelity; how will it appear from our ill ſucceſs, that our Sovereign does not

not deſerve our gratitude? And if it ſhall appear to us that our thanks are merited, who ſhall reſtrain us from offering them in the moſt public and ſolemn manner?

For my part, I think no conſideration worthy of regard, in competition with truth and juſtice; and therefore ſhall never forbear any expreſſion of duty to my Soverign, for fear of the ridicule of our ſecret, or the reproaches of our public enemies.

With regard to the addreſs under our conſideration, if it be allowed either that we have not been unſucceſsful in any opprobrious degree, or that ill ſucceſs does not neceſſarily imply any defect in the conduct of his Majeſty, or debar us from the right of acknowledging his goodneſs and his wiſdom; I think, Sir, no objection can be made to the form of expreſſion now propoſed, in which all ſounding and pompous language, all declamatory exaggeration and ſtudied figures of ſpeech, all appearance of exultation, and all the force of rhetoric, are carefully avoided, and nothing inſerted that may diſguſt the moſt delicate, or raiſe ſcruples in the moſt ſincere.

Yet, Sir, that we may not waſte our time upon trivial diſputes, when the nation expects relief from our counſels, that we may not ſuſpend the proſecution of the war by complaint of paſt defeats, or retard that aſſiſtance and advice which our Sovereign demands, by inquiring whether it may be more proper to thank or to counſel him, I am willing, for the ſake of unanimity, that this clauſe ſhould be omitted, and hope that no other part of the addreſs can afford room for objection.

Mr. Pulteney.

SIR,—It is no wonder that the right honourable gentleman willingly conſents to the omiſſion of this clauſe which could be inſerted for no other purpoſe, than that he might

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ſacrifice it to the reſentment which it muſt naturally produce; and by an appearance of modeſty and compliance, paſs eaſily through the firſt day, and obviate any ſevere enquiries that might be deſigned.

He is too well acquainted with the opinion of many whom the nation have choſen to repreſent them, and with the univerſal clamours of the people; too accurately informed of the ſtate of our enemies, and too conſcious how much his ſecret machinations have hindered our ſucceſs, to expect or hope that we ſhould meet here to return thanks for the management of the war; of a war, in which nothing has been attempted by his direction that was likely to ſucceed, and in which no advantage has been gained, but by acting without orders and againſt his hopes.

That I do not charge him, Sir, without reaſon, or invent accuſations only to obſtruct his meaſures, or to gratify my own reſentment; that I do not eagerly catch flying calumnies, prolong the date of [illegible] reproaches, encourage the malignity of the envious, or adopt the ſuſpicions of the melancholy; that I do not impoſe upon myſelf by a warm imagination, and endeavour to communicate to others, impreſſions which I have only received myſelf from prejudice, will be proved from a review of his conduct ſince the beginning of our diſpute with Spain; in which it will be found that he has been guilty not only of ſingle errors, but of deliberate treachery; that he has always co-operated with our enemies, and ſacrificed to his private intereſt, the happineſs, and the honour of the Britiſh nation.

How long our merchants were plundered, our ſailors enſlaved and our colonies intimidated without reſentment; how long the Spaniards uſurped the dominion of the ſeas, ſearched our ſhips at pleaſure, confiſcated the cargoes without controul, and tortured our fellow ſubjects with impunity, cannot but be remembered. Not only every gentleman in this

this Houſe, but every man in the nation, however indolent, ignorant, or obſcure, can tell what barbarities were exerciſed, what ravages were committed, what complaints were made, and how they were received. It is univerſally known that this gentleman, and thoſe whom he had gained by penſions and employments, treated the lamentations of ruined families, and the outcries of tortured Britons as the clamours of ſedition, as deſigned to inflame the People, and embarraſs the Government.

Such has been the conduct for which we are deſired to return thanks in an humble and dutiful addreſs; ſuch are the tranſactions which we are to recommend to the approbation of our conſtituents, and ſuch the triumphs upon which we muſt congratulate our Sovereign.

For my part, Sir, I cannot but think that ſilence is too gentle a cenſure for that wickedneſs for which no language has yet provided a name. Murder, parricide, and treaſon are modeſt appellations, when compared with that conduct by which a King is betrayed, and a nation ruined, under pretence of promoting its intereſt, by a man truſted with the adminiſtration of public affairs.

Let us therefore, Sir, if it be thought improper to lay before his Majeſty the ſentiments of his people in their full extent, at leaſt not endeavour to conceal them from him; let us, at leaſt, addreſs him in ſuch a manner as may give him ſome occaſion to inquire into the late tranſactions, which have for many years been ſuch, that even but to know them is to condemn them: and that the authors of theſe tranſactions may be brought to light, I move that the Houſe may go into an inquiry into the ſtate of the nation.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—Though I am far from being either confounded or intimidated by this heavy charge, though I am confident that

that all the meaſures ſo clamorouſly cenſured will admit of a very eaſy vindication, and that whenever they are explained they will be approved; yet as an accuſation ſo complicated cannot be refuted, without a long recapitulation of paſt events, and a deduction of many particular circumſtances, ſome of which may require evidence, and ſome a very minute explication, I cannot think this a proper day for engaging in a controverſy, which it is my intereſt ſhould be thoroughly diſcuſſed.

At preſent, Sir, I ſhall content myſelf with bare aſſertions like thoſe by which I am accuſed, and hope they will not be heard with leſs attention, or received with leſs credit. For ſurely it was never denied to any man to defend himſelf with the ſame weapons with which he is attacked. I ſhall therefore, Sir, make no ſcruple to aſſert, that the treaſure of the public has been employed with the utmoſt frugality, to promote the purpoſes for which it was granted; that our foreign affairs have been tranſacted with the utmoſt fidelity, in purſuance of long conſultations; and ſhall venture to add, that our ſucceſs has not been ſuch as ought to produce any ſuſpicion of negligence or treachery.

That our deſign againſt Carthagena was defeated, cannot be denied: but what war has been one continued ſeries of ſucceſs? In the late war with France, of which the conduct has been ſo laviſhly celebrated, did no deſigns miſcarry? If we conquered at Ramilies, were we not in our turn beaten at Almanza? If we deſtroyed the French ſhips, was it not always with ſome loſs of our own? And ſince the ſufferings of our merchants have been mentioned with ſo much acrimony, do not the liſts of ſhips taken in that war prove that the depredations of privateers cannot be entirely prevented?

The diſappointment, Sir, of the public expectation by the

the return of the fleets, has been charged upon the Adminiſtration as a crime too enormous to be mentioned without horror and deteſtation. That the Miniſtry have not the elements in their power, that they do not preſcribe the courſe of the wind, is a ſufficient proof of their negligence and weakneſs; with as much juſtice is it charged upon them, that the expectations of the populace, which they did not raiſe, and to which, perhaps, the conqueſt of a kingdom had not been equal, failed of being gratified.

I am very far from hoping or deſiring that the Houſe ſhould be ſatisfied with a defence like this; I know, by obſerving the practice of the opponents of the Miniſtry, what fallacies may be concealed in general aſſertions, and am ſo far from wiſhing to evade a more ſtrict inquiry, that if the gentleman who has thus publicly and confidently accuſed the Miniſtry will name a day for inquiring into the ſtate of the nation, though I think ſuch an inquiry abſolutely unneceſſary, I will ſecond his motion.

Mr. Phillips.

SIR,—I ſhould be much ſurpriſed to hear the motion made by the honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt but one, oppoſed by any member of this Houſe: a motion founded in juſtice, ſupported by precedent, and warranted by neceſſity. Not only juſtice to the nation, but juſtice to thoſe that have been in the Adminiſtration, calls for an inquiry, that every man's actions may ſpeak for him, and that cenſure may be confined to thoſe only that have deſerved it. Surely no innocent man can be under any apprehenſions from the ſtricteſt examination of his conduct; thoſe fears attend the guilty only.

The honourable gentleman who ſpoke laſt ſeems to think an inquiry unneceſſary. I beg leave to aſk, will any gentleman

tleman in this Houſe undertake to defend the meaſures that have been purſued for twenty years paſt? Will any gentleman ſay, that the wretched condition we are in is the effect of chance only? Shall there be the leaſt ſuſpicion of miſmanagement, and a Britiſh Houſe of Commons not inquire into it? How much more at a time when the nation is reduced to the laſt extremity, by corrupt, weak, and puſillanimous meaſures? Shall the fatality which has attended every ſtep of our conduct for ſo many years paſt infect this Houſe alſo, and throw us into a lethargy? Surely, no. The voice of the nation calls for an inquiry: our credit abroad cannot be ſupported without it; and the reputation of every man in this Houſe is nearly concerned in it. In vain ſhall we attempt to retrieve our loſt honour by purſuing new meaſures, if we do not firſt cenſure and puniſh the authors of the old: in vain ſhall we attempt to gain allies, and to convince them that we are in earneſt in the proſecution of the war againſt our enemies abroad, unleſs we firſt call thoſe to an account that have been their ſecret abettors and encouragers at home.

If ever there was a cauſe for an inquiry into paſt tranſactions, it is now. Have not large ſums of money been raiſed in times of peace, and no debts paid? large armies raiſed in times of war, and no ſervices performed? Have we not negotiated ourſelves out of all our allies, and all our credit? Treaty after treaty, convention after convention: and what did all theſe end in but war? How has that war been conducted: Why, ſhamefully, ſcandalouſly, to the encouragement of the enemy, and the diſhonour of the nation: large fleets fitted out to fight the ſeas only, and return ſhattered and torn to Spithead, while the enemy were every day ſeizing our ſhips for want of cruizers and convoys, and neighbouring nations taking this advantage to ſupplant us in trade. A gallant Admiral was, indeed, ſent

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to the Weſt Indies, but ſent too late, and not ſupported when there: another was ſent to the Mediterranean, but with what intent I know not, unleſs it was to cover an embarkation of Spaniſh troops for Italy.

Shall a Britiſh Houſe of Commons not inquire into the cauſes of theſe things? They muſt: they will, Sir, or forfeit all the reputation they have hitherto gained. And if theſe are to be inquired into, what better method than by a ſelect committee to be choſen by ballot? It is a parliamentary method that has been attended with good conſequences to the nation, but fatal ones, indeed, to thoſe that have made an abuſe of power; and it is unaccountable to me, that any other but ſuch, or thoſe that have a mind to ſcreen them, ſhould make an oppoſition to it. For my own part, if it were the caſe of my brother, if he were innocent, I ſhould think this the propereſt method to make that innocence appear; and if he were guilty, I ſhould think it the greateſt crime in me, to endeavour to ſcreen him from national juſtice; therefore I am moſt heartily for the motion.

All, "Motion! Motion! Motion!"

IV. *A Parliamentary Debate, in the fourteenth Year of George II. 1740. On a bill for preventing Merchants from raiſing the Wages of Seamen in Time of War, and thereby inducing them to avoidhis Majeſty's Service.*

SPEAKERS,

Sir Charles Wager,	*Mr. Pitt,*
Mr. Fox,	*Mr. Winnington,*
Sir R. Walpole,	*Mr. Horace Walpole,*
Sir J. Barnard,	*Mr. Lyttleton.*

Sir Charles Wager.

SIR,

AS there is a bill juſt brought into the Houſe for the encouragement of ſeamen, and the more ſpeedily manning the fleet, I riſe to propoſe a clauſe by which it may be enacted, that no merchants, or bodies corporate or politic, ſhall hire ſailors at higher wages than thirty-five ſhillings for the month, on pain of forfeiting treble the value of the ſum ſo agreed for; I propoſe alſo that this law may commence after fifteen days, and may continue for a time to be agreed upon by the Houſe.

Sir, the neceſſity of this clauſe muſt be ſo apparent to every gentleman acquainted with naval and commercial affairs, that as no oppoſition can be apprehended, very few arguments will be neceſſary to introduce it.

How much the public calamities of war are improved by the ſailors, to their own private advantage, how generally they ſhun the public ſervice in hopes of receiving exorbitant wages from the merchants, and how much they extort from the merchants by threatening to leave their ſervice for that of the crown, is univerſally known by every officer of the navy, and every commander of a trading veſſel.

A law, therefore, Sir, to reſtrain them in time of war from ſuch exorbitant demands; to deprive them of thoſe proſpects, which have often no other effect than to lull them into idleneſs, while they ſkulk about in expectation of higher wages; and to hinder them from deceiving themſelves, embarraſſing the merchants, and neglecting the general intereſt of their country, is undoubtedly juſt. It is juſt, Sir, becauſe, in regard to the public, it is neceſſary to prevent the greateſt calamity that can fall upon a people, that of receiving laws from the moſt implacable of our enemies; and it is juſt, becauſe, with reſpect to particular men, it has no tendency but to ſuppreſs idleneſs, fraud, and extortion.

Mr. Fox.

SIR,—I have no objection to any part of this clauſe, except the day propoſed for the commencement: to make a law againſt any pernicious practice, to which there are ſtrong temptations, and to give thoſe, whoſe intereſt may incite them to it, time to effect their ſchemes, before the law ſhall begin to operate, ſeems not very conſiſtent either with wiſdom or vigilance.

It is not denied, Sir, that the merchants are betrayed by that regard to private intereſt which prevails too frequently over nobler views, to bribe away from the ſervice of the crown, by large rewards, thoſe ſailors whoſe aſſiſtance is now ſo neceſſary to the public; and therefore it is not to be imagined that they will not employ their utmoſt diligence to improve the interval, which the bill allows in making contracts for the enſuing year, and that the ſailors will not eagerly engage themſelves before this law ſhall preclude their proſpect of advantage.

As therefore to make no law, and to make a law that will not be obſerved, is in conſequence the ſame, and as the time allowed by the clauſe, as it now ſtands, may make the whole

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proviſion ineffectual, it is my opinion, that either it ought to begin to operate to-morrow, or that we ought to leave the whole affair in its preſent ſtate.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—Nothing has a greater appearance of injuſtice, than to puniſh men by virtue of a law, with which they are not acquainted; the law, therefore, is always ſuppoſed to be known by thoſe who have offended it, becauſe it is the duty of every man to know it; and certainly it ought to be the care of the Legiſlature, that thoſe, whom the law will affect, may have a poſſibility of knowing it, and that thoſe may not be puniſhed for failing in their duty, whom nothing but inevitable ignorance has betrayed into offence.

But if the operation of this law ſhould commence to-morrow, what numbers may break it, and ſuffer for the breach of it involuntarily, and without deſign; and how ſhall we vindicate ourſelves for having been acceſſary to the crime which we cenſure and puniſh?

Sir John Barnard.

SIR,—Notwithſtanding the impatience and reſentment with which ſome men ſee their miſtakes and ignorance detected, notwithſtanding the reverence which neglect and haſte are ſaid to be entitled to from this Aſſembly, I ſhall openly declare, without the apprehenſion of being confuted, that this bill was drawn up without conſideration, and is defended without being underſtood; that after all the amendments which have been admitted, and all the additions propoſed, it will be oppreſſive and ineffectual; a chaos of abſurdities, and a monument of ignorance.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—The buſineſs of this Aſſembly is to examine the cauſe before us; but to deviate from ſo neceſſary an in-

quiry into loud exclamations againſt the whole bill, is to obſtruct the courſe of the debate, to perplex our attention, and interrupt the Parliament in its deliberations upon queſtions, in the determination of which the public is nearly concerned.

The war, Sir, in which we are now engaged, and I may add, engaged by the general requeſt of the whole nation, can be proſecuted only by the aſſiſtance of the ſeamen; from whom it is not expected that they will ſacrifice their immediate advantage to the ſecurity of their country. Public ſpirit, where it is to be found, is the reſult of reflection, refined by ſtudy, and exalted by education; and it is not to be hoped for amongſt thoſe whom low fortune has condemned to perpetual drudgery. It muſt, therefore, be neceſſary to ſupply the defect of education, and to produce by ſalutary coercions, effects, which it is in vain to expect from other cauſes.

That the ſervice of the ſailors will be ſet up to ſale by auction, and that the merchants will bid againſt the government, is inconteſtable: nor is there any doubt that they will be able to offer the higheſt price, becauſe they will take care to repay themſelves by raiſing the value of their goods. Thus, without ſome reſtraint upon the merchants, our enemies, who are not deterred by their form of government from any method which policy can invent or abſolute power put in execution, will preclude all our deſigns, and ſet at defiance a nation ſuperior to themſelves.

Sir John Barnard.

SIR,—I think myſelf obliged by my duty to my country, and by my gratitude to thoſe by whoſe induſtry we are enriched, and by whoſe courage we are defended, to make once more a declaration, not againſt particular clauſes, not againſt ſingle circumſtances, but againſt the whole bill; a bill

bill unjuſt and oppreſſive, abſurd and ridiculous; a bill to harraſs the induſtrious, and diſtreſs the honeſt; to puzzle the wiſe, and add power to the cruel; a bill which cannot be read without aſtoniſhment, nor paſſed without the violation of our conſtitution, and an equal diſregard of policy, honeſty, and humanity.

All theſe aſſertions will need to be proved only by a bare peruſal of this hateful bill; by which the meaneſt, the moſt worthleſs reptile, exalted to a petty officer by ſerving a wretch only ſuperior to him in fortune, is enabled to diſplay his authority by tyrannizing over thoſe who every hour deſerve the public acknowledgment of the community, to intrude upon the retreats of brave men fatigued and exhauſted by honeſt induſtry, to drag them out with all the wantonneſs of grovelling authority, and chain them to the oar without a moment's reſpite, or, perhaps, oblige them to purchaſe with the gains of a dangerous voyage, or the plunder of an enemy lately conquered, a ſhort interval to ſettle their affairs, or bid their children farewell.

Let any gentleman in this Houſe, let thoſe, Sir, who now ſit at eaſe, projecting laws of oppreſſion, and conferring upon their own ſlaves ſuch licentious authority, pauſe a few moments, and imagine themſelves expoſed to the ſame hardſhips by a power ſuperior to their own; let them conceive themſelves torn from the tenderneſs and careſſes of their families, by midnight irruptions, dragged in triumph through the ſtreets by a deſpicable officer, and placed under the command of thoſe by whom they have, perhaps, been already inſulted. Why ſhould we imagine that the race of men, for whom theſe cruelties are preparing, have leſs ſenſibility than ourſelves? Why ſhould we believe that they will ſuffer without complaint, and be injured without reſentment? Why ſhould we conceive that they will not at once deliver themſelves, and puniſh their oppreſſors by deſert-

ing that country, where they are conſidered as felons, and laying hold on thoſe rewards and privileges, which no other government will deny them.

Mr. Pitt,

SIR,—It is common for thoſe who have the greateſt regard to their own intereſt, to diſcover the leaſt for that of others. I do not, therefore, deſpair of recalling the advocates of this bill from the proſecution of their favourite meaſures by arguments of greater efficacy than thoſe which are founded on reaſon and juſtice.

Nothing, Sir, is more evident, than that ſome degree of reputation is abſolutely neceſſary to men, who have any concern in the adminiſtration of a government like ours; they muſt either ſecure the fidelity of their adherents by the aſſiſtance of wiſdom, or of virtue; their enemies muſt either be awed by their honeſty, or terrified by their cunning. Mere artleſs bribery will never gain a ſufficient majority to ſet them entirely free from apprehenſions of cenſure. To different tempers different motives muſt be applied: ſome, who place their fidelity in being accounted wiſe, are in very little care to preſerve the character of honeſty: others may be perſuaded to join in meaſures, which they eaſily diſcover to be weak and ill concerted, becauſe they are convinced that the authors of them are not corrupt, but miſtaken; and are unwilling that any man ſhould be puniſhed for natural defects, or caſual ignorance.

I cannot ſay, Sir, which of theſe motives influence the advocates of the bill before us; a bill in which ſuch cruelties are propoſed as are yet unknown amongſt the moſt ſavage nations; ſuch as ſlavery has not yet borne, or tyranny invented; ſuch as cannot be heard without reſentment, nor thought of without horror.

It

It is, Sir, perhaps, not unfortunate that one more expedient has been added, rather ridiculous than ſhocking; and that theſe tyrants of the adminiſtration, who amuſe themſelves with oppreſſing their fellow ſubjects, who add without reluctance one hardſhip to another, invade the liberty of thoſe whom they have already over-borne with taxes, firſt plunder, then impriſon, who take all opportunities of heightening the public diſtreſſes, and make the miſeries of war the inſtruments of new oppreſſions, are too ignorant to be formidable, and owe their power, not to their abilities, but to caſual proſperity, or to the influence of money.

The other clauſes of this bill, complicated at once with cruelty and folly, have been treated with becoming indignation; but this may be conſidered with leſs ardor and reſentment, and fewer emotions of zeal, becauſe, though, perhaps, equally iniquitous, it will do no harm; for a law that never can be executed, can never be felt.

That it will conſume the manufacture of paper, and ſwell the books of ſtatutes, is all the good or hurt that can be hoped or feared from a law like this: a law which fixes what is in its own nature mutable, which preſcribes rules to the ſeaſons and limit to the wind.

I am too well acquainted, Sir, with the diſpoſition of its two chief ſupporters to mention the contempt with which this law will be treated by poſterity; for they have already ſhown abundantly their diſregard of ſucceeding generations; but I will remind them, that they are now venturing their whole intereſt at once, and hope they will recollect, before it is too late, that thoſe who believe them to intend the happineſs of their country, will never be confirmed in their opinion by open cruelty, and notorious oppreſſion; and that thoſe who have only their own intereſt in view, will be afraid of adhering to thoſe leaders, however old, and practiſed in expedients, however ſtrengthened by corruption, or elated

with power, who have ſhown ſo ſmall a portion either of virtue or abilities.

Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,—Every law which extends its influence to great numbers, in various relations and circumſtances, muſt produce ſome conſequences that were never foreſeen, or intended, and is to be cenſured or applauded as the general advantages or inconveniences are found to preponderate. Of this kind is the law before us; a law enforced by the neceſſity of our affairs, and drawn up with no other intention than to ſecure the public happineſs, and produce that ſucceſs which every man's intereſt muſt prompt him to deſire

If in the execution of this law, Sir, ſome inconveniences ſhould ariſe, they are to be remedied as faſt as they are diſcovered; or, if not capable of a remedy, to be patiently borne in conſideration of the general advantage.

That ſome temporary diſturbances may be produced is not impoſſible; the diſcontent of the ſailors may for a ſhort time riſe high, and our trade be ſuſpended by their obſtinacy; but obſtinacy, however determined, muſt yield to hunger; and when no higher wages can be obtained, they will chearfully accept of thoſe which are allowed them. Short voyages, indeed, are not comprehended in the clauſe; and therefore the ſailors will engage in them upon their own terms: but this objection can be of no weight with thoſe who oppoſe the clauſe, becauſe if it is unjuſt to limit the wages of the ſailors, it is juſt to leave thoſe voyages without reſtriction; and thoſe that think the expedient here propoſed equitable and rational, may, perhaps, be willing to make ſome conceſſions to thoſe who are of a different opinion.

That the bill will not remove every obſtacle to ſucceſs, nor add weight to one part of the balance without making the other higher, that it will not ſupply the navy without

incommoding the merchants in ſome degree, that it may ſometimes be evaded by cunning, and ſometimes abuſed by malice, and that at laſt it will be leſs efficacious than is deſired, may, perhaps, be proved; but it has not yet been proved that any other meaſures are more eligible, or that we are not to promote the public ſervice as far as we are able, though our endeavours may not produce effects equal to our wiſhes.

Sir John Barnard.

SIR,—I know not by what fatality it is that nothing can be urged in defence of the clauſe before us, which does not tend to diſcover its weakneſs and inefficacy. The warmeſt patrons of this expedient are impelled by the mere force of conviction to ſuch conceſſions as invalidate all their arguments, and leave their opponents no neceſſity for replying.

If ſhort voyages are not comprehended in this proviſion, what are we now controverting? What but the expedience of a law that will never be executed? The ſailors, however they are contemned by thoſe who only think them worthy to be treated like beaſts of burden, are not yet ſo ſtupid, but that they can eaſily find out, that to ſerve a fortnight for greater wages is more eligible than to toil a month for leſs: and as the numerous equipments, that have lately been made, have not left many more ſailors in the ſervice of the merchants than may be employed in the coaſting trade, thoſe who traffic to remoter ports muſt ſhut up their books, and wait till the expiration of this act for an opportunity of renewing their commerce.

To regulate the wages for one voyage, and to leave another without limitation in time of ſcarcity for ſeamen, is abſolutely to prohibit that trade which is ſo reſtrained, and is, doubtleſs, a more effectual embargo than has yet been invented.

Let any man but ſuppoſe, that the Eaſt-India Company were obliged to give only half the wages that other traders allow, and conſider how that part of our commerce could be carried on; would not their goods rot in their warehouſes, and their ſhips lie for ever in the harbour? Would not the ſailors refuſe to contract with them? Or deſert them after a contract upon the firſt proſpect of more advantageous employment?

But it is not neceſſary to multiply arguments in a queſtion which may not be decided without long examination, but in which we may determine our concluſions by the experience of our anceſtors. Scarcely any wrong or right are without a precedent, which often diſcovers what the moſt enlightened reaſon failed to foreſee.

Let us, therefore, improve the errors of our anceſtors to our own advantage; and whilſt we neglect to imitate their virtues, let us, at leaſt, forbear to repeat their follies.

Mr. Horatio Walpole.

SIR,—I was unwilling to interrupt the courſe of this debate while it was carried on with calmneſs and decency by men who do not ſuffer the ardour of oppoſition to cloud their reaſon, or tranſport them to ſuch expreſſions as the dignity of this Aſſembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to anſwer the gentleman who declaimed againſt the bill with ſuch fluency and rhetoric, and ſuch vehemence of geſture, who charged the advocates for the expedients now propoſed with having no regard to any intereſt but their own, and with making laws only to conſume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loſs of their influence, upon this new diſcovery of their folly and their ignorance.

Nor, Sir, do I now anſwer him for any other purpoſe, than to remind him, how little the clamour of rage and petulancy

tulancy of invectives contribute to the purpoſe for which this Aſſembly is called together; how little the diſcovery of truth is promoted, and the ſecurity of the nation eſtabliſhed by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable ſounds, and furious declamation, confident aſſertions, and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced, and, perhaps, the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by converſing more with thoſe of his own age than with ſuch as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more ſucceſsful methods of communicating their ſentiments.

If the heat of his temper, Sir, would ſuffer him to attend to thoſe whoſe age and long acquaintance with buſineſs give them an indiſputable right to deference and ſuperiority, he would learn in time to reaſon rather than declaim, and to prefer juſtneſs of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to ſounding epithets and ſplendid ſuperlatives; which may diſturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no laſting impreſſion on the mind.

He will learn, Sir, that to accuſe and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unſupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excurſions of fancy and flights of oratory, are, indeed, pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would ſurely contribute more, even to the purpoſe for which ſome gentlemen appear to ſpeak (that of depreciating the conduct of Adminiſtration,) to prove the inconveniences and injuſtice of this bill, than barely to aſſert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honeſty, or compaſſion.

Mr. Pitt.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with ſuch ſpirit and decency

charged upon me, I ſhall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myſelf with wiſhing that I may be one of thoſe whoſe follies may ceaſe with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in ſpite of experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, aſſume the province of determining; but ſurely age may become juſtly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have paſſed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the paſſions have ſubſided. The wretch that, after having ſeen the conſequences of a thouſand errors, continues ſtill to blunder, and whoſe age has only added obſtinacy to ſtupidity, is ſurely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deſerves not that his gray head ſhould ſecure him from inſults.

Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with leſs temptation; who proſtitutes himſelf for money which he cannot enjoy, and ſpends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accuſed of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply ſome peculiarities of geſture, or a diſſimulation of my real ſentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the firſt ſenſe, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deſerves only to be mentioned that it may be deſpiſed. I am at liberty, like every other man, to uſe my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have ſome ambition to pleaſe this gentleman, I ſhall not lay myſelf under any reſtraint, nor very ſolicitouſly copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience.

But

But if any man ſhall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any ſentiments but my own, I ſhall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor ſhall any protection ſhelter him from the treatment which he deſerves. I ſhall on ſuch an occaſion, without ſcruple, trample upon all thoſe forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themſelves, nor ſhall any thing but age reſtrain my reſentment: age which always brings one privilege, that of being inſolent and ſupercilious without puniſhment.

But with regard, Sir, to thoſe whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I ſhould have avoided their cenſure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the ſervice of my country, which neither hope nor fear ſhall influence me to ſuppreſs. I will not ſit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in ſilence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggreſſor and drag the thief to juſtice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder. And if the honourable gentleman——

Mr. Winnington (calling to order).

SIR,—It is neceſſary that the order of this Aſſembly be obſerved, and that the debate be reſumed without perſonal altercations. Such expreſſions as have been vented on this occaſion, become not a Houſe intruſted with the liberty and welfare of the country. To interrupt the debate, a debate on a ſubject ſo important as that before us, is in ſome meaſure, to obſtruct the public buſineſs, and violate our truſt; but much more heinous is the crime of expoſing our determinations to contempt, and inciting the people to ſuſpicion, or mutiny, by indecent reflections, or unjuſt inſinuations.

I do

I do not, Sir, undertake to decide the controverſy between the two gentlemen, but muſt be allowed to obſerve, that no diverſity of opinion can juſtify the violation of decency, and the uſe of rude and violent expreſſions, expreſſions dictated only by reſentment, and uttered without regard to——

Mr. Pitt.

SIR,—If this is to obſerve order, there is no danger of indecency from the moſt licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more ſevere, than that of ſpeaking with regard to any thing but truth! Order may ſometimes be broken by paſſion, or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-eſtabliſhed by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own paſſion, whilſt he is reſtraining the impetuoſity of others.

Happy, Sir, would it be for mankind, if every one knew his own province; we ſhould not then ſee the ſame man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this gentleman aſſume the right of dictating to others, what he has not learnt himſelf.

That I may return, in ſome degree, the favour which he intends me, I will adviſe him never hereafter to exert himſelf on the ſubject of order; but whenever he finds himſelf inclined to ſpeak on ſuch occaſions, to remember how he has now ſucceeded, and condemn in ſilence what his cenſures will never perform.

Mr. Winnington.

SIR,—As I was hindered by the gentleman's ardour and impetuoſity from concluding my ſentence, none but myſelf can know the equity or partiality of my intentions, and therefore, as I cannot juſtly be condemned, I ought to be

ſup-

ſuppoſed innocent: nor ought he to cenſure a fault, of which he cannot be certain that it would have been committed.

He has, indeed, exalted himſelf to a degree of authority never yet aſſumed by any member of this Houſe, that of condemning others to ſilence. I am henceforward, by his inviolable decree, to ſit and hear his harangues without daring to oppoſe him. How wide he may extend his authority I ſhall not determine, having not yet arrived at the ſame degree of ſagacity with himſelf, not being able to foreknow what another is going to pronounce.

If I had given offence by any improper ſallies of paſſion, I ought to have been cenſured by the concurrent voices of the Houſe, or have received a reprimand, Sir, from you, to whom I ſhould have ſubmitted without oppoſition; but I will not be doomed to ſilence by one, who has no pretenſions to authority, or whoſe arbitrary deciſions can only tend to introduce uproar, diſcord, and confuſion.

Mr. Lyttleton.

SIR,—No man can be more zealous for decency than myſelf, or more convinced of the neceſſity of a methodical proſecution of the queſtion before us. I am well convinced how near indecency and faction are to one another, and how inevitably confuſion produces obſcurity; but I hope it will always be remembered, that he who firſt infringes decency, or deviates from method, is to anſwer for all the conſequences that may ariſe from the neglect of parliamentary cuſtoms. For it is not to be expected that any man will bear reproaches without reply, or that he, who wanders from the queſtion, will not be followed in his digreſſions, and hunted through his labyrinths.

It cannot, Sir, be denied, that ſome inſinuations were uttered, injurious to thoſe, whoſe zeal may ſometimes happen

to

to prompt them to warm declarations, or to incite them to paſſionate emotions. Whether I am of importance enough to be included in the cenſure, I deſpiſe it too much to inquire or conſider, but cannot forbear to obſerve, that zeal for the right can never be reproachful, and that no man can fall into contempt, but he who deſerves it.

PART

PART II.

DECLAMATION.

I. *The Speech of Brutus on the Death of Cæſar.*

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for my honour, and have reſpect to my honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer: Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe that would be a bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude that would not be a Roman! If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended——I pauſe for a reply——

None?

None?——then none have I offended.——I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is inrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.——

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Anthony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

II. *Douglas to Lord Randolph.*

My name is *Norval*: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire deny'd.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends:
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,

An

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I diſdain'd
The ſhepherd's ſlothful life; and having heard
That our good king had ſummon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron ſide,
I left my father's houſe, and took with me
A choſen ſervant to conduct my ſteps:—
Yon trembling coward who forſook his maſter.
Journeying with this intent, I paſs'd theſe towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day, to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

III. *Othello's Apology.*

MOST potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have uſed
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceedings I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.———
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;

Still

Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field:
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſerts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads touch Heav'n,
It was my hint to ſpeak.—All theſe to hear
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline.
But ſtill the Houſe affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs.
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful———
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it——yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heav'n had made her ſuch a man:—ſhe thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,

And

And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have uſed.

IV. *The Biſhop of Carliſle's Speech in defence of King Richard II.*

WORST in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would Heav'n, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on a king?
And who ſits here, that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty,
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent! O, forbid it, Heav'n,
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me propheſy——
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Diſorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,

Shall

Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's ſkulls.
O, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove
That ever fell upon this curſed earth;
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you—woe!

V. *Lord Clifford's Speech in Henry VI.*

MY gracious liege, this too-much lenity
And harmful pity muſt be laid aſide.
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſts that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that, the foreſt bear doth lick?
Not his that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn being trodden on:
And doves will peck in ſafeguard to their brood,
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brow:
He, but a duke, would have his ſon a king,
And raiſe his iſſue like a loving ſire;
Thou, being a king, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him;
Which argued thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings,
Which ſometimes they have uſed in fearful flight)
Make war with them that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my liege; make them your precedent.

Were

Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child——
What my great grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away?
Ah! what a ſhame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart,
To hold thy own, and leave thy own to him.

VI. *Greatneſs and Sublimity of the Imagination.*

SAY, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame;
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfault'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding ſmile of Heaven: elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? Wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;

Proud

Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconſtrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
The Nile or Ganges roll his waſteful tide
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand! will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro' fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated round of time. Thence far effus'd,
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold
Beyond this concave Heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd

She

She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till—half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovereign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robe, nor pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' aſcent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

VII. *The Pleaſures ariſing from Novelty.*

CALL now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul. What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active pow'r
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, tho' beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.

For ſuch the bounteous providence of Heav'n,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Ris'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd: of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At ev'ry ſolemn pauſe the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

VIII. *The Pain ariſing from virtuous Emotions attended with Pleaſure.*

——BEHOLD the ways
Of Heav'n's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent and wiſe:
That VIRTUE's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued
By vexing fortune and intruſive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, PLEASURE. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoft'ning ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of paſſion ſwelling with diſtreſs and pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms? ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſooths
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Aſk the croud
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some hapleſs bark: while ſacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;

While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam thro' the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallowed by the rearing ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down. Oh deemeſt thou, indeed,
No kind endearment here by nature giv'n
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?—
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or would'ſt thou, then, exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows, for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its ſire.

IX. *On Taſte. Its Univerſality and Diverſity.*

SAY, what is taſte, but the internal pow'rs
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow;
But GOD alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſacred bias of the ſoul.
He, mighty Parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journies homeward from a ſummer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as thro' amber clouds
O'er all the weſtern ſky? Full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart.
How lovely! how commanding! But tho' Heav'n,
In every breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhow'rs,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will obſequious, whether to produce

The olive or the laurel: diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thuders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream,
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſt'ning deer,
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſounds ſoft-warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

X. *Chorus to the firſt Act of Henry V.*

OH for a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a ſtage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of Mars, and at his heels
Leaſh'd in like hounds, ſhould famine, ſword and fire,
Crouch for employment. Pardon, Gentles all,

The

The flat unraiſed ſpirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy ſcaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very caſks
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
Oh pardon, ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whoſe high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i'th' receiving earth.
For, 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs; for the which ſupply
Admit me Chorus to this hiſtory:
Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

XI. *Chorus to the ſecond Act of Henry V.*

NOW all the youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now to buy the horſe,

Following the mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels as Engliſh Mercuries.
For now ſits expectation in the air,
And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England! model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Where all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault: France hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which ſhe fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,
One Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the ſecond
Henry Lord Scroop of Maſham; and the third
Sir Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the guilt of France (Oh! guilt indeed)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful France.
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France. Then in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back: charming the narrow ſeas

To

To give your gentle paſs; for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we ſhift our ſcene.

XII. *Henry the Fifth's Detection and Condemnation of Treaſon.*

THE mercy that was quick in us but late
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy,
For your own treaſons turn upon your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters! my Lord Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But Oh!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ungrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knewſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt mightſt have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtronge
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.

Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou: or ſeem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou: come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion or of mirth or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely bolted didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt indu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee:
For this revolt of thine methinks is like
Another fall of man——But hear your ſentence;
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon;
Join'd with an enemy; and from his coffers
Received the golden earneſt of our death:
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude;
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miſerable wretches, to your death:
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dire offences. Bear them hence.
Now, Lords, for France, the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since Heav'n ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth! dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of Heav'n,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearly to ſea, the ſigns of war advance;
No King of England, if not King of France.

XIII. *Chorus to the Third Act of Henry V.*

THUS with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing,
Here the ſhrill whiſtle which doth order give
To ſounds confuſed; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. Oh do but think
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to Harfleur. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies, and old women,
Or paſt, or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance:

For who is he whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppoſe th' ambaſſador from France comes back,
Tells Harry, that the King doth offer him
Katharine, his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

XIV. *Chorus to the Fourth Act of Henry V.*

NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the pouring dark
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fixt ſentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And (the third hour of drouſy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul,

The

The confident and overluſty French
For the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who like a foul and ugly witch does limp
So tediouſly. The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coat
Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good-morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty:
That ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal like the ſun
His lib'ral eye doth give to every one;
Thawing cold fear; that mean and gentle all
Behold, (as may unworthineſs define)
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly:
Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils
Right ill diſpos'd in brawl ridiculous

The

The name of Agincourt. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.

XV. *The Miſeries of Royalty.*

O Hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffereſt more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What! is thy ſoul of adoration?
Art thou ought elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drinkſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? Oh be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Thinkſt thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou commandſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe,
I am a King that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſu'd robe of gold and peal,

The farced title running 'fore the King,
The throne he fits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly, as the wretched ſlave,
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread:
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day after dawn
Doth riſe, and help Hyperion to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

XVI. *The folly of Procraſtination.*

BE wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"

For

For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They, one day, ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own, their future ſelves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone.
'Tis not in folly, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human Wiſdom to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' every ſtage. When young, indeed,
In full content, we ſometimes nobly reſt,
Unanxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers ~~were more wiſe~~. had more wisper
At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to Reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.

XVII. *Glo.*

Aura
June 24th. 1865

XVII. *Gloceſter's Speech to the Nobles.*

BRAVE Peers of England, pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars;
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In Winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Saliſbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy;
Or hath my uncle Beaufort and myſelf,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highneſs in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in deſpite of foes?
And ſhall theſe labours and theſe honours die?
Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel die?
O Peers of England, ſhameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

XVIII. *Morning*

XVIII. *Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve.*

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, or pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change

Vary

Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations, that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling, ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail, univerſal Lord; be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

XIX. *The Speech of Belial diſſuading from War.*

I Should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs!
When he who moſt excels in fact of arms,
In what he counſels, and in what excels,

Miſtruſt-

Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair,
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable: oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions: or, with obſcure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning ſurpriſe. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt inſurrection, to confound
Heav'n's pureſt light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and, th' ethereal mold,
Incapable of ſtain, would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
The Almighty victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us; that muſt be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? And who knows
(Let this be good) whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?

Say

Say they who counſel war; we are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal woe,
Whatever doing: what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtruck
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us? this hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds; or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindled thoſe grim fires,
Awak'd, ſhould blow them into ſev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impending horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt, ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? This would be worſe.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades.

XX. *The Youth and the Philoſopher.*

A Grecian Youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,

Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.
At length quite vain, he needs would ſhew
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade,
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtarted at the ſight;
The Muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire.
Howe'er, the youth with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car,
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds with eager eyes,
And ſhouts purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again:
Purſues with care the nice deſign:
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd.
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumph of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,

Alas!

Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me (and ſigh'd)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away;
The time profuſely ſquander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men and guide the ſtate.

XXI. *Prologue to Cato.*

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age!
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with antient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:
No common object, to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate!

While

While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd—tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's, leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd.

XXII. *Cato's Senate.*

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves.
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him Rome: Egypt has ſince
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's ſultry deſerts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they ſtill fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought

By

By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.
Sempronius. My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods! can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlav'ry or death?
No; let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe; break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm more lucky than the reſt
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, fathers, riſe! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! The corpſe of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! Our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!
Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides;
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to ſheathe the ſword and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge, and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of providence,
And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhown our love to Rome,
Now let us ſhow ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This ſmooth diſcourſe, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor——Something whiſpers me
All is not right——Cato, beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour ſwells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon: Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſp'rate; we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,

Ready

Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
While there is hope do not diſtruſt the gods:
But wait, at leaſt, till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No; let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt.
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty;
And let me periſh but in Cato's judgement,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marcus. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arrived
From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight: he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with Cato.

Cato. By your permiſſion, fathers——bid him enter.
Decius was once my friend, but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæſar ſends health to Cato——

Cato. Cou'd he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it wou'd be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

Dec. My buſineſs is with Cato; Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits to which you're driven; and as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he ſave Cato? Bid him ſpare his country.

Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I have orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend;
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom——

Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæſar: he's a friend to virtue.
Dec. Conſider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate:
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.
Cato. Let him conſider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzl'd eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes,
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou lookſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes:
But, by the gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæſar.
Dec. Does Cato ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?
Cato. His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæſar ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul?
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten power,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.
Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction:
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears.

XXVIII. *Oreſtes delivering his embaſſy to Pyrrhus.*

BEFORE I ſpeak the meſſage of the Greeks,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambaſſador; ſince I behold
Troy's vanquiſher, and great Achilles' ſon.
Not does the ſon riſe ſhort of ſuch a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cheriſh the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years war.
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high-brandiſh'd ſword,
That fill'd their ſtate with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his ſon.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, ſet our fleets on blaze?
You may yourſelf live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' juſt demands:
Satiate their vengeance, and preſerve yourſelf.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my ſafety more concern'd
Than I deſire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counſel. When I heard
The name of their ambaſſador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's ſon diſpatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in cloſe debate,
To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
To aſk his life! muſt I, muſt I alone,
Of all her ſcepter'd warriors, be deny'd

To

To treat my captive as I pleaſe? Know, prince,
When Troy lay ſmoaking on the ground, and each
Proud victor ſhar'd the harveſt of the war,
Andromache, and this her ſon, were mine,
Were mine by lot! and who ſhall wreſt them from me;
Ulyſſes bore away old Priam's queen;
Caſſandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myſelf in what they won?
Did I ſend embaſſies to claim their captives?

Oreſt. But, Sir, we fear for you and for ourſelves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Riſe in Aſtyanax. Then think betimes——

Pyr. Let daſtard ſouls be timorouſly wiſe:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancy'd ills, and dangers out of ſight.

Oreſt. Sir, call to mind th' unrival'd ſtrength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of braſs;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattl'd armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and ſee them all
Confus'd in duſt; all mix'd in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from ſuch a Troy?
If they have ſworn to extinguiſh Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferred?
Why was he not in Priam's boſom ſlain;
He ſhould have fall'n among the ſlaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been juſt,
When age and infancy alike in vain
Pleaded their weakneſs: when the heat of conqueſt,
And horrors of the fight, rouz'd all our rage,
And blindly hurry'd us thro' ſcenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds: but now,
My wrath appeas'd, muſt I be cruel ſtill?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,

Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood?
An infant's blood?—No, Prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out ſome other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has eſcap'd from Troy
Shall not be ſav'd to periſh in Epirus.

Oreſt. I need not tell you, Sir, Aſtyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother ſav'd her darling ſon.
The Greeks do now but urge their former ſentence:
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they purſue;
The father draws their vengeance on the ſon:
The father, who ſo oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his ſword: the father, whom the Greeks
May ſeek even here.——Prevent them, Sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; ſince I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in Epirus ſeek another Tory.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike ſire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then coſt them dear.

Oreſt. Shall Greece then find a rebel ſon in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Oreſt. Hermione will ſway your ſoul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourſelf:
Her beauty will enforce my embaſſy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms: and I
May love her ſtill, tho' not her father's ſlave.
I may in time give proofs that I am a lover;
But never muſt forget that I am a king.
Mean-while, Sir, you may ſee fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you ſtand ally'd.
That done, you have my anſwer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

XXIV. *King*

XXIV. *King Henry and Lord Chief Juſtice.*

Ch. Juſt. I Am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

K. Henry. No! might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of England! was this eaſy;
May this be waſh'd in Lethe and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in the very ſeat of judgement:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your degrees at nought,
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench,
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts; make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your own dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,

And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your ſtate,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Leige's ſovereignty.

K. Henry. You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my farther's words:
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold
That dares do Juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of Juſtice.——You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear:
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand;
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear:
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd wiſe directions.

XXV. *The Speech of Nicholaus, the old Syracuſan, againſt putting the Athenian Generals to Death.*

YOU here behold an unfortunate father, who has felt more than any other Syracuſan, the fatal effects of this war, by the death of two ſons, who formed all his conſolation, and were the only ſupport of his old age. I cannot, indeed, forbear admiring their courage and feli-

city,

city, in ſacrificing to their country's welfare a life of which they would one day have been deprived by the common courſe of nature; but then I cannot but be ſtrongly affected with the cruel wound which their death has made in my heart, nor forbear hating and deteſting the Athenians, the authors of this unhappy war, as the murtherers of my children. I cannot, however, conceal one circumſtance, which is, that I am leſs ſenſible of my private affliction than of the honour of my country; and I ſee it expoſed to eternal infamy by the barbarous advice which is now given you. The Athenians, indeed, merit the worſt treatment, and every kind of puniſhment that can be inflicted on them, for ſo unjuſtly declaring war againſt us; but have not the gods, the juſt avengers of crimes, puniſhed them, and revenged us ſufficiently? When their generals laid down their arms and ſurrendered, did they not do this in hopes of having their lives ſpared? And if we put them to death, will it be poſſible for us to avoid the juſt reproach of our having violated the laws of nations, and diſhonoured our victory by an unheard-of cruelty? How! will you ſuffer your glory to be thus ſullied in the face of the whole world, and have it ſaid, that nation, who firſt dedicated a temple in their city to Clemency, had not found any in yours? Surely victories and triumphs do not give immortal glory to a city; but the exerciſing of mercy towards a vanquiſhed enemy, the uſing of moderation in the greateſt proſperity, and fearing to offend the gods by a haughty and inſolent pride. You, doubtleſs, have not forgot that this Nicias, whoſe fate you are going to pronounce, was the very man who pleaded your cauſe in the Aſſembly of the Athenians, and employed all his credit, and the whole power of his eloquence, to diſſuade his country from embarking in this war; ſhould you therefore pronounce ſentence of death on this worthy general, would it be

a juſt reward for the zeal he ſhewed for your intereſt? With regard to myſelf, death would be leſs grievous to me than the ſight of ſo horrid an injuſtice committed by my countrymen and fellow-citizens.

XXVI. *Demoſthenes to the Athenians againſt Philip.*

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on ſome new ſubject of debate, I had waited until moſt of the uſual perſons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing propoſed by them, I ſhould have continued ſilent: if not, I had then attempted to ſpeak my ſentiments. But ſince thoſe very points on which theſe ſpeakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be conſidered; though I have ariſen firſt, I preſume I may expect your pardon: for if they on former occaſions had adviſed the neceſſary meaſures, you would not have found it needful to conſult at preſent.

Firſt then, Athenians! theſe our affairs muſt not be thought deſperate; no, though their ſituation ſeems entirely deplorable. For the moſt ſhocking circumſtance of all our paſt conduct, is really the moſt favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cauſe of all our preſent difficulties. For were we thus diſtreſſed, in ſpite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our ſtate demanded, there were no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourſelves remember) how great a power the Lacedæmonians not long ſince poſſeſſed; and with what reſolution, with what dignity you diſdained to act unworthy of the ſtate, but maintained the war againſt them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention theſe things?

things? That you may know, that you may ſee, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, you can have nothing to fear; that if once remiſs, nothing can happen agreeable to your deſires: witneſs the then powerful arms of Lacedæmon, which a juſt attention to your intereſts enabled you to vanquiſh; and this man's late inſolent attempt, which our inſenſibility to all our great concerns hath made the cauſe of this confuſion.

If there is a man in this aſſembly who thinks that we muſt find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand the numerous armies which ſurround him, and on the other the weakneſs of the ſtate thus deſpoiled of its dominions, he thinks juſtly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we poſſeſſed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round; when many of the ſtates now ſubjected to him were free and independant, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reaſoned in the ſame manner, "How "ſhall I dare to attack the Athenians, whoſe garriſons "command my territory, while I am deſtitute of all aſſiſt-"ance!" he would not have engaged in thoſe enterprizes which are now crowned with ſucceſs; nor could he have raiſed himſelf to this pitch of greaneſs. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all theſe places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the abſent devolve naturally to thoſe who are in the field; the poſſeſſions of the ſupine, to the active and intrepid. Animated by theſe ſentiments, he overturns whole nations; he holds all people in ſubjection: ſome, by the right of conqueſt; others, under the titles of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with thoſe whom they ſee prepared and reſolved to exert themſelves as they ought.

And

And if you, my countrymen! will now at length be perſuaded to entertain the like ſentiments: if each of you, renouncing all evaſions, will be ready to approve himſelf an uſeful citizen, to the utmoſt that his ſtation and abilities demand: if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field: in one word, if you will be yourſelves and baniſh thoſe vain hopes which every ſingle perſon entertains, that while ſo many others are engaged in public buſineſs, his ſervice will not be required; you then (if heaven ſo pleaſes) will regain your dominions, recall thoſe opportunities your ſupineneſs hath neglected, and chaſtiſe the inſolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a God, he is to enjoy his preſent greatneſs for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among thoſe ſeemingly the moſt attached to his cauſe. Theſe are paſſions common to mankind; nor muſt we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at preſent, as our indolence deprives them of all reſource. But let us ſhake off this indolence! for you ſee how we are ſituated; you ſee the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you ſhall act or remain quiet? but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a ſtrain of the higheſt extravagance: and is not able to reſt ſatisfied with his preſent acquiſitions, but is ever in purſuit of farther conqueſts; and while we ſit down, inactive and irreſolute, encloſes us on all ſides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When rouſed by ſome event? When forced by ſome neceſſity? What then are we to think of our preſent condition? To freemen, the diſgrace attending on miſconduct, is, in my opinion, the moſt urgent neceſſity.

Or

Or ſay, is it your ſole ambition to wander through the public places, one inquiring of another, "What news?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon ſhould conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece?—"Is Philip dead?—No, but in great danger."—How are you concerned in theſe rumours? Suppoſe he ſhould meet ſome fatal ſtroke: you would ſoon raiſe up another Philip, if your intereſts are thus diſregarded. For it is not to his own ſtrength that he ſo much owes his elevation, as to our ſupineneſs. And ſhould ſome accident befall him, ſhould fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the ſtate than we ourſelves, now repeat her favours; (and may ſhe thus crown them!) be aſſured of this, that by being on the ſpot, ready to take advantage of the confuſion, you will every where be abſolute maſters: but in your preſent diſpoſition, even if a favourable juncture ſhould preſent you with Amphipolis, you could not take poſſeſſion of it, while this ſuſpenſe prevails in your deſigns and in your councils.

Some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedæmonians, and they are concerting the deſtruction of Thebes, and the diſſolution of ſome free ſtates. Others aſſure us, he hath ſent an embaſſy to the king; others that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our ſeveral tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians, he is intoxicated with his greatneſs, and does entertain his imagination with many ſuch viſionary proſpects, as he ſees no power riſing to oppoſe him, and is elated with his ſucceſs. But I cannot be perſuaded that he hath ſo taken his meaſures, that the weakeſt amongſt us know what he is next to do; for it is the weakeſt among us who ſpread theſe rumours. Let us diſregard them: let us be perſuaded of this: that he is our enemy, that he hath ſpoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been ſub-

ject to his inſolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others hath proved againſt us, and that all the reſource left is in ourſelves; that if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage him here—Let us be perſuaded of this, and then we ſhall come to a proper determination, then we ſhall be freed from theſe idle tales. For we are not to be ſolicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unleſs you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

PART

PART III.

VEHEMENT PASSION.

I. Richmond encouraging his Soldiers againſt Richard the Third.

THUS far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.
Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whoſe ravenous appetite has ſpoil'd your fields,
Laid this rich country waſte, and rudely cropp'd
Its ripen'd hopes of fair poſterity,
Is now even in the center of the iſle.
Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in ſteel,
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted:
The very weight of Richard's guilt ſhall cruſh him.
Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him.
In peace there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As mild behaviour and humility;
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment:
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt
Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
But if we thrive, the glory of the action

The

The meaneſt ſoldier here ſhall ſhare his part of.
Advance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords,
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully:
The word's "St. George, Richmond, and Victory!"

II. *Marcellus's Speech to the Mob in Julius Cæſar.*

WHEREFORE rejoice! That Cæſar comes in triumph!——
What conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
Oh you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome;
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That Tyber trembl'd underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores?
And do you now put on your beſt attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now ſtrow flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood!
Be gone——
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Antony's

III. *Antony's Soliloquy over Cæsar's Body.*

OH, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the line of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, comes hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

IV. *Alexander, on passing the Granicus.*

WITNESS, ye heavenly Pow'rs, how Alexander
Honours and loves a soldier.—Oh! my Clytus,
Was it not when we pass'd the Granicus
Thou didst preserve me from unequal force!
It was, when Spithridates and Rhesaces
Fell both upon me with two dreadful strokes,

And

And clove my temper'd helmet quite aſunder;
Then I remember, then thou didſt me ſervice:
And I am prouder to have paſs'd that ſtream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain.
Can none remember? Yes, I know all muſt,
When Glory, like the dazzling eagle ſtood,
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
When Fortune's ſelf my ſtandard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates ſtood frighted on the ſhore;
When the immortals on the billows rode,
And I myſelf appear'd the leading god.

V. *Zanga, in the Tragedy of the Revenge.*

OH Joy, thou welcome ſtranger!! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
A fiery inſtinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount——the ſpirits numberleſs
Of my dear countrymen, which yeſterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all aſſembled here, and o'er-inform me——
Oh bridegroom! great, indeed, thy preſent bliſs;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd: for be ſure
It is thy laſt, thy laſt ſmile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek: enjoy it while thou mayſt;
Anguiſh, and groans, and death, beſpeak to-morrow.
Thus far my deep-laid plots and dark deſigns
Go well——
——Ah! what is well? Oh pang to think!
Oh dire neceſſity! Is this my province?
Whither, my ſoul, ah! whither art thou ſunk
Beneath thy ſphere! Ere while, far, far above
Such little arts, diſſemblings, falſehoods, frauds,

The

The traſh of villany itſelf, which falls
To cowards and poor wretches wanting bread.
Does this become a ſoldier? This become
Whom armies followed, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought:
But great my end; and ſince there are no other,
Theſe means are juſt, they ſhine with borrow'd light,
Illuſtrious from the purpoſe they purſue.
And greater ſure my merit, who, to gain
A point ſublime, can ſuch a taſk ſuſtain;
To wade through ways obſcene, my honour bend,
And ſhock my nature, to attain my end.
Late time ſhall wonder; that my joys will raiſe;
For wonder is involuntary praiſe.

VI. *Zanga encouraging Alonzo to kill his Wife.*

YOU have reſolv'd your faithleſs bride ſhall die:
That's truly great. What think you 'twas ſet up
The Greek and Roman name in ſuch a luſtre,
But doing right in ſtern deſpite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, auguſt, and god-like juſtice call'd?
At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another in juſt rage his ſiſter ſlew;
A third, the theme of all ſucceeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling ſon:
Nay, more, for juſtice ſome devote themſelves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name!
Yet there is one ſtep left above 'em all,
Above their hiſtory, above their fable;
A wife, bride, miſtreſs of your heart——do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

VII. *Henry*

VII. *Henry V. to his Soldiers at the Siege of Harfleur.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more:
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof;
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call fathers did beget you:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war: and you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eye;
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,

Straining

Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, Heav'n for Harry, England, and St. George.

VIII. *Henry V. encouraging his Soldiers.*

WHAT's he that wiſhes for more men from England?
My couſin Weſtmorland? no, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
Heav'n's will! I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
In truth I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive:
No, good my lord, wiſh not a man from England:
Heav'n's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour
As one man more methinks would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Wiſh not one more:
Rather proclaim it, Weſtmorland, through my hoſt,
That he who hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is called the feaſt of Criſpian;
He that outlives this day and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a-tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian.
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,

And

And ſay to-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as houſehold words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Glo'ſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And Criſpine Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remember'd!
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now in bed
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any ſpeak
That fought with us upon St. Criſpian's day.

IX. *Moloch's Oration for War.*

MY ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them, let thoſe
Contrive who need; or when they need; not now:
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No: let us rather chooſe,

Arm'd

Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the torturer: when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty engine he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder: and for light'ning, ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itſelf
Mix'd with Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments. But, perhaps,
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.
Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend
Up to our native ſeat; deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and purſu'd us through the deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then;
Th' event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
To our deſtruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd. What can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end,
The vaſſals of his anger, when the ſcourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More deſtroy'd than thus,
We ſhould be quite aboliſh'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe

His utmoſt ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential: happier far,
Than mis'rable to have eternal being;
Or if our ſubſtance be, indeed, divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroad to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne;
Which if not victory, is yet revenge.

X. *Hannibal to his Soldiers.*

I Know not, ſoldiers, whether you or your priſoners be encompaſſed by fortune with the ſtricter bonds and neceſſities. Two ſeas encloſe you on the right and left:—not a ſhip to flee to for eſcaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminiſhed, you were hardly able to force a paſſage. Here, then, ſoldiers, you muſt either conquer or die, the very firſt hour you meet the enemy. But the ſame fortune which has thus laid you under the neceſſity of fighting, has ſet before your eyes thoſe rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wiſh for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were raviſhed from our fathers, thoſe would be no inconſiderable prizes. Yet what are theſe? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of nations, all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vaſt mountains of Luſitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours

and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompence of your toilſome marches over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed ſervice. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle, and the moſt renowned kings and nations have by a ſmall force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? For (to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war for twenty years together with ſo much valour and ſucceſs) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer, an army unknown to their leader, and they unacquainted with him.

Or ſhall I, who was born I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent general, ſhall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themſelves, ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year captain? A captain before whom ſhould one place the two armies with their enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he is conſul. I eſteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits in war;

not one of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with ſoldiers, whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was, before I became their general, I ſhall march againſt an army of men, ſtrangers to one another.

On what ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and ſtrength; a veteran infantry; a moſt gallant cavalry; you, my allies, moſt faithful and valiant: you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants, is always greater than of thoſe who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplay'd, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and ſpur you forward to revenge! Firſt they demanded me; that I, your general, ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremeſt tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal! You are to preſcribe to us with whom we ſhall make war, with whom we ſhall make peace! You are to ſet us bounds: to ſhut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to obſerve the limits which yourſelves have fixed! Paſs not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines: Saguntum is upon the Iberus; move not a ſtep towards that city. Is it a ſmall matter then, that you have deprived us of our antient poſſeſſions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we ſhall yield Spain; and then—you will paſs into Africa. Will paſs, did I ſay!—This very year they ordered one of their conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers; there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our ſwords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans

mans may with more ſafety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are ſecure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again I ſay, you are conquerors.

XI. *The Oration of Æſchines againſt Demoſthenes, on the Crown.*

IN ſuch a ſituation of affairs, and in ſuch diſorders, as you yourſelves are ſenſible of, the only method of ſaving the wrecks of government, is, if I miſtake not, to allow full liberty to accuſe thoſe who have invaded your laws. But if you ſhut them up, or ſuffer others to do this, I propheſy that you will fall inſenſibly, and that very ſoon, under a tyrannical power. For you know, Athenians, that government is divided into three kinds; monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy. As to the two former, they are governed at the will and pleaſure of thoſe who reign in either; whereas eſtabliſhed laws only, reign in a popular ſtate. I make theſe obſervations, therefore, that none of you may be ignorant, but on the contrary, that every one may be entirely aſſured that the day he aſcends the ſeat of juſtice, to examine an accuſation upon the invaſion of the laws, that very day he goes to give judgement upon his own independence. And, indeed, the legiſlator, who is convinced that a free ſtate can ſupport itſelf no longer than the laws govern, takes particular care to preſcribe this form of an oath to judges, "I will judge according to the laws." The remembrance, therefore, of this being deeply implanted in your minds, muſt inſpire you with a juſt abhorrence of any perſons whatſoever who dare tranſgreſs them by raſh decrees; and that far from ever looking upon a tranſgreſſion of this kind as a ſmall fault,

you always conſider it as an enormous and capital crime. Do not ſuffer, then, any one to make you depart from ſo wiſe a principle—But as, in the army, every one of you would be aſhamed to quit the poſt aſſigned him by the general; ſo let every one of you be this day aſhamed to abandon the poſt which the laws have given you in the commonwealth. What poſt?—that of protectors of the government.

Muſt we in your perſon crown the author of the public calamities, or muſt we deſtroy him? And, indeed, what unexpected revolutions, what unthought-of cataſtrophes have we not ſeen in our days?—The king of Perſia, that king who opened a paſſage through Mount Athos; who bound the Helleſpont in chains; who was ſo imperious as to command the Greeks to acknowledge him ſovereign both of ſea and land; who in his letters and diſpatches preſumed to ſtyle himſelf the ſovereign of the world from the riſing to the ſetting of the ſun; and who fights now, not to rule over the reſt of mankind, but to ſave his own life. Do not we ſee thoſe very men who ſignalized their zeal in the relief of Delphi, inveſted both with the glory, for which that powerful king was once ſo conſpicuous, and with the title of the chief of the Greeks againſt him? As to Thebes, which borders upon Attica, have we not ſeen it diſappear in one day from the midſt of Greece!—And with regard to the unhappy Lacedæmonians, what calamities have not befallen them only for taking but a ſmall part of the ſpoils of the temple! They who formerly aſſumed a ſuperiority over Greece, are they not now going to ſend ambaſſadors to Alexander's court; to bear the name of hoſtages in his train; to become a ſpectacle of miſery; to bow the knee before the monarch; ſubmit themſelves and their country to his mercy; and receive ſuch laws as a conqueror, a con-

queror

queror they attacked firſt, ſhall think fit to preſcribe them? Athens itſelf, the common refuge of the Greeks; Athens, formerly peopled with ambaſſadors, who flocked to claim its almighty protection, is not this city now obliged to fight, not to obtain a ſuperiority over the Greeks, but to preſerve itſelf from deſtruction? Such are the misfortunes which Demoſthenes has brought upon us, ſince his intermeddling with the adminiſtration.——

Imagine then, Athenians, when he ſhall invite the confidents and accomplices of his abject perfidy to range themſelves around him, towards the cloſe of his harangue; imagine then, Athenians, on your ſide, that you ſee the antient benefactors of this commonwealth drawn up in battle array, round this roſtrum where I am now ſpeaking, in order to repulſe that audacious band. Imagine you hear Solon, who ſtrengthened the popular government by ſuch excellent laws; that philoſopher, that incomparable legiſlator, conjuring you with a gentleneſs and modeſty becoming his character, not to ſet a higher value upon Demoſthenes's oratorial flouriſhes than upon your oaths and your laws. Imagine you hear Ariſtides, who made ſo exact and juſt a diviſion of the contributions impoſed upon the Greeks for the common cauſe; that ſage diſpenſer, who left no other inheritance to his daughters, but the public gratitude, which was their portion; imagine, I ſay, you hear him bitterly bewailing the outrageous manner in which we trample upon juſtice, and ſpeaking to you in theſe words. What! becauſe Arthmius of Zelia, that Aſiatic, who paſſed through Athens, where he even enjoyed the rights of hoſpitality, had brought gold from the Medes into Greece; your anceſtors were going to ſend him to the place of execution, and baniſhed him, not only from their city, but from all the countries dependent on them; and will not you bluſh to decree Demoſthenes,

who has not, indeed, brought gold from the Medes, but has received ſuch ſums of money from all parts to betray you, and now enjoys the fruit of his treaſures; will not you, I ſay, bluſh to decree a crown of gold to Demoſthenes? Do you think that Themiſtocles, and the heroes who were killed in the battles of Marathon and Platea, do you think the very tombs of your anceſtors will not ſend forth groans, if you crown a man who, by his own confeſſion, has been for ever conſpiring with barbarians to ruin Greece?

As to myſelf, O earth! O ſun! O virtue! And you, who are the ſprings of true diſcernment, lights both natural and acquired, by which we diſtinguiſh good from evil,—I call you to witneſs, that I have uſed all my endeavours to relieve the ſtate, and to plead her cauſe. I could have wiſhed my ſpeech had been equal to the greatneſs and importance of the ſubject; at leaſt, I can flatter myſelf with having diſcharged my duty, according to my abilities, if I have not done it according to my wiſhes. Do you, Athenians, from the reaſons you have heard, and thoſe which your wiſdom will ſuggeſt, do you pronounce ſuch a judgement, as is conformable to ſtrict juſtice, and the common good demands from you.

XII. *The Oration of Demoſthenes on the Crown.*

IN the firſt place, ye men of Athens, I make my prayer to all the powers of Heaven, that ſuch affection as I have ever invariably diſcovered to this ſtate, and all its citizens, you, now, may entertain for me, upon this preſent trial. And (what concerns you nearly, what eſſentially concerns your religion and your honour)—that the gods may ſo diſpoſe your minds, as to permit me to proceed in my defence, not as directed by my adverſary, (that would be ſevere indeed!)

deed!) but by the laws, and by your oath: in which, to all the other equitable clauſes, we find this expreſsly added—"each party ſhall have equal audience."—This imports not merely that you ſhall not pre-judge, not merely that the ſame impartiality ſhall be ſhewn to both; but ſtill farther, that the contending parties ſhall each be left at full liberty to arrange, and to conduct his pleading, as his choice or judgement may determine.

In many inſtances hath Æſchines the entire advantage in this cauſe. Two there are of more eſpecial moment. Firſt, as to our intereſt in the conteſt, we are on terms utterly unequal; for they are by no means points of equal import, for me to be deprived of your affections, and for him to be defeated in his proſecution. As to me—but, when I am entering on my defence, let me ſuppreſs every thing ominous, ſenſible as I muſt be of this the advantage of my adverſary.—In the next place, ſuch is the natural diſpoſition of mankind that invective and accuſation are heard with pleaſure; while they who ſpeak their own praiſes, are received with impatience. His, then, is the part which commands a favourable acceptance; that which muſt prove offenſive to every ſingle hearer is reſerved for me. If, to guard againſt this diſadvantage, I ſhould decline all mention of my own actions, I know not by what means I could refute the charge, or eſtabliſh my pretenſions to this honour. If, on the other hand, I enter into a detail of my whole conduct, private and political, I muſt be obliged to ſpeak perpetually of myſelf. Here then I ſhall endeavour to preſerve all poſſible moderation: and what the circumſtances of the caſe neceſſarily extort from me muſt, in juſtice, be imputed to him who firſt moved a proſecution ſo extraordinary.

But, ſince he hath inſiſted ſo much upon the event, I will hazard a bold aſſertion. But, in the name of Heaven! let

it not be deemed extravagant: let it be weighed with candour. I ſay then, that had we all known what fortune was to attend our efforts; had we all foreſeen the final iſſue; had you foretold it, Æſchines; had you bellowed out your terrible denunciations; (you whoſe voice was never heard;) yet even in ſuch a caſe, muſt this city have purſued the very ſame conduct, if ſhe had retained a thought of glory, of her anceſtors, or of future times. For, thus, ſhe could only have been deemed unfortunate in her attempts; and misfortunes are the lot of all men, whenever it may pleaſe Heaven to inflict them. But if that ſtate which once claimed the firſt rank in Greece, had reſigned this rank in time of danger, ſhe had incurred the cenſure of betraying the whole nation to the enemy. What part of Greece, what part of the barbarian world has not heard, that the Thebans in their period of ſucceſs, that the Lacædemonians, whoſe power was older and more extenſive, that the king of Perſia, would have cheerfully and joyfully conſented that this ſtate ſhould enjoy her own dominions, together with an acceſſion of territory ample as his wiſhes, upon this condition that ſhe ſhould receive law, and ſuffer another ſtate to preſide in Greece? But, to Athenians, this was a condition unbecoming their deſcent, intolerable to their ſpirit, repugnant to their nature. Athens never was once known to live in a ſlaviſh, though a ſecure obedience to unjuſt and arbitrary power. No: our whole hiſtory is one ſeries of noble conteſts for pre-eminence; the whole period of our exiſtence hath been ſpent in braving dangers, for the ſake of glory and renown. And ſo highly do you eſteem ſuch conduct, ſo conſonant to the Athenian character, that thoſe of your anceſtors who were moſt diſtinguiſhed in the purſuit of it, are ever the moſt favourite objects of your praiſe. And with reaſon. For who can reflect without aſtoniſhment upon the magnanimity of thoſe men, who reſigned their lands, gave

up

up their city, and embarked in their ſhips, to avoid the odious ſtate of ſubjection? Who choſe Themiſtocles, the adviſer of this conduct, to command their forces; and, when Cryſilus propoſed, that they ſhould yield to the terms preſcribed, ſtoned him to death? Nay, the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the ſame vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no ſpeaker, no general to procure them a ſtate of proſperous ſlavery. They had the ſpirit to reject even life, unleſs they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. Should I then attempt to aſſert, that it was I who inſpired you with ſentiments worthy of your anceſtors, I ſhould meet the juſt reſentment of every hearer. No, it is my point to ſhew, that ſuch ſentiments are properly your own; that they were the ſentiments of my country, long before my days. I claim but my ſhare of merit, in having acted on ſuch principles in every part of my adminiſtration. He then who condemns every part of my adminiſtration, he who directs you to treat me with ſeverity, as one who hath involved the ſtate in terrors and dangers, while he labours to deprive me of preſent honour, robs you of the applauſe of all poſterity. For if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Cteſiphon muſt ſtand condemned, it muſt be thought that you yourſelves have acted wrong, not that you owe your preſent ſtate to the caprice of fortune.—But it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and the ſafety of all Greece. No! by thoſe generous ſouls of antient times, who were expoſed at Marathon! By thoſe who ſtood arrayed at Platæa! By thoſe who encountered the Perſian fleet at Salamis, who fought at Artemiſium! By all thoſe illuſtrious ſons of Athens, whoſe remains lie depoſited in the public monuments! All of whom received the ſame honourable interment from their country;

not thoſe only who prevailed, not thoſe only who were victorious.—And with reaſon. What was the part of gallant men they all performed: their ſucceſs was ſuch as the ſupreme director of the world diſpenſed to each.

As to thoſe public works ſo much the object of your ridicule, they undoubtedly demand a due ſhare of honour and applauſe; but I rate them far beneath the great merits of my adminiſtration. It is not with ſtones nor bricks that I have fortified the city. It is not from works like theſe that I derive my reputation. Would you know my methods of fortifying? Examine, and you will find them, in the arms, the towns, the territories, the harbours I have ſecured, the navies, the troops, the armies I have raiſed. Theſe are the works by which I defended Attica, as far as human foreſight could defend it: theſe are the fortifications I drew round our whole territory, and not the circuit of our harbour, or of our city only. In theſe acts of policy, in theſe proviſions for a war, I never yielded to Philip. No; it was our generals and our confederate forces who yielded to fortune. Would you know the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Conſider: what was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, an active, and an honeſt miniſter? Was he not to ſecure Eubœa, as our defence againſt all attacks by ſea? Was he not to make Bœotia, our barrier on the mid-land ſide? The cities bordering on Peloponneſus our bulwark, on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected, through all its progreſs, up to our own harbour? Was he not to cover thoſe diſtricts which we commanded by ſeaſonable detachments, as the Proconeſus, the Cherſoneſus, and Tenedos? To exert himſelf in the aſſembly for this purpoſe? While with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our intereſt and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus,

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and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the beſt and moſt important reſources of our enemies, and to ſupply thoſe in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counſels, and my adminiſtration. Such counſels and ſuch an adminiſtration, as muſt appear, upon a fair and equitable view, the reſult of ſtrict integrity; ſuch as left no favourable juncture unimproved, through ignorance or treachery; ſuch as ever had their due effect, as far as the judgement and abilities of one man could prove effectual. But if ſome ſuperior being, if the power of fortune, if the miſconduct of generals, if the iniquity of you traitors, or if all theſe together broke in upon us, and at length involved us in one general devaſtation, how is Demoſthenes to be blamed? Had there been a ſingle man in each Grecian ſtate, to act the ſame part which I ſupported in this city: nay, had but one ſuch man been found in Theſſaly, and one in Arcadia, actuated by my principle, not a ſingle Greek, either beyond or on this ſide Thermopylæ, could have experienced the misfortunes of this day. All then had been free and independent, in perfect tranquillity, ſecurity, and happineſs, uncontrouled, in their ſeveral communities, by any foreign power, and filled with gratitude to you, and to your ſtate, the authors of theſe bleſſings ſo extenſive and ſo precious. And all this by my means. To convince you that I have ſpoken much leſs than I could juſtify by facts, that in this detail I have ſtudiouſly guarded againſt envy, take—read the liſts of our confederates, as they were procured by my decrees.

There are two diſtinguiſhing qualities (Athenians!) which the virtuous citizen ſhould ever poſſeſs. (I ſpeak in general terms, as the leaſt invidious method of doing juſtice to myſelf) a zeal for the honour and pre-eminence of the ſtate, in his official conduct; on all occaſions, and in all tranſactions,

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an affection for his country. This nature can beſtow. Abilities and ſucceſs depend upon another power. And in this affection you find me firm and invariable. Not the ſolemn demand of my perſon, not the vengeance of the Amphictynic council which they denounced againſt me, not the terror of their threatenings, not the flattery of their promiſes, no, nor the fury of thoſe accurſed wretches, whom they rouſed like wild beaſts againſt me, could ever tear this affection from my breaſt. From firſt to laſt, I have uniformly purſued the juſt and virtuous courſe of conduct; aſſertor of the honours, of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country; ſtudious to ſupport them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cauſe. I was never known to march through the city, with a face of joy and exultation, at the ſucceſs of a foreign power; embracing, and announcing the joyful tiding to thoſe who, I ſuppoſed, would tranſmit it to the proper place. I was never known to receive the ſucceſſes of my own country, with tremblings, with ſighings, with eyes bending to the earth, like thoſe impious men, who are the defamers of the ſtate, as if by ſuch conduct they were not defamers of themſelves: who look abroad; and, when a foreign potentate hath eſtabliſhed his power on the calamities of Greece, applaud the event, and tell us we ſhould take every means to perpetuate his power.

Hear me, ye immortal Gods! and let not theſe their deſires be ratified in heaven! Infuſe a better ſpirit into theſe men! Inſpire even their minds with purer ſentiments!—This is my firſt prayer—Or if their natures are not to be reformed: on them, on them only diſcharge your vengeance! Purſue them both by land and ſea! Purſue them even to deſtruction! But, to us diſplay your goodneſs, in a ſpeedy deliverance from impending evils, and all the bleſſings of protection and tranquillity!

XIII. *Cicero's*

XIII. *Cicero's Oration againſt Verres.*

THE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wiſhed for, towards allaying the envy your order has been ſubject to, and removing the imputations againſt trials, is (not by human contrivance, but ſuperior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewiſe in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the ſtate, viz. that, in proſecutions, men of wealth are always ſafe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confuſion, I hope, of the propagators of this ſlanderous imputation, one, whoſe life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial perſons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this proſecution, fathers, at the general deſire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people, not that I might draw envy upon that illuſtrious order of which the accuſed happens to be; but with the direct deſign of clearing your juſtice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whoſe conduct has been ſuch, that, in paſſing a juſt ſentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-eſtabliſhing the credit of ſuch trials; of recovering whatever may be loſt of the favour of the Roman people; and of ſatisfying foreign ſtates and kingdoms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand juſtice of you, fathers, upon the robber of the public treaſury, the oppreſſor of Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the ſcourge and curſe of Sicily. If that ſentence is paſſed upon him which his crimes deſerve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and ſacred in the eyes of the public.

lic. But if his great riches ſhould bias you in his favour, I ſhall ſtill gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this caſe was not a criminal nor a proſecutor; but juſtice, and adequate puniſhment.

For, as thoſe acts of violence, by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were done openly, ſo have his attempts to pervert judgement, and eſcape due puniſhment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly ſaid, that the only time he ever was afraid, was when he found the proſecution commenced againſt him by me; leſt he ſhould not have time enough to diſpoſe of a ſufficient number of preſents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to ſecure himſelf by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be ſufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whoſe whole life has been a continual ſeries of the moſt atrocious crimes? To paſs over the ſhameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæſtorſhip, the firſt public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued ſcene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treaſurer: a conſul ſtripped and betrayed; an army deſerted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Aſia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of thoſe countries; in which houſes, cities, and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the ſcene of his quæſtorſhip, bringing by his bad practices, Cneius Dolabella, whoſe ſubſtitute he was, into diſgrace with the people, and then deſerting him; not only deſerting, but even accuſing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his prætorſhip here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witneſs.

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How did he diſcharge the office of a judge? Let thoſe, who ſuffered by his injuſtice, anſwer. But his prætorſhip in Sicily, crowns all his works of wickedneſs, and finiſhes a laſting monument to his infamy. The miſchiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous adminiſtration, are ſuch, that many years under the wiſeſt and beſt of prætors, will not be ſufficient to reſtore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman ſenate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep poſſeſſion of any thing, but what has either eſcaped the rapaciouſneſs, or been neglected by the ſatiety of that univerſal plunderer. His nod has decided all cauſes in Sicily for theſe three years. And his deciſions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The ſums he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impoſitions, extorted from the induſtrious poor, are not to be computed. The moſt faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like ſlaves, been put to death with tortures. The moſt atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deſerved puniſhments; and men of the moſt unexceptionable characters condemned and baniſhed unheard. The harbours, though ſufficiently fortified, and the gates of ſtrong towns opened to pirates and ravagers. The ſoldiery and ſailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, ſtarved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, ſuffered to periſh. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatneſs, the ſtatues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples

ples ſtripped of their images. The infamy of his lewdneſs has been ſuch, as decency forbids to deſcribe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put thoſe unfortunate perſons to freſh pain, who have not been able to ſave their wives and daughters from his impurity. And theſe his atrocious crimes have been committed in ſo public a manner, that there is no one, who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.

Now, Verres, I aſk what you have to advance againſt this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing falſe, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged againſt you? Had any prince, or any ſtate, committed the ſame outrage againſt the privilege of Roman citizens; ſhould we not think we had ſufficient ground for declaring immediate war againſt them? What puniſhment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater diſtance than Sicily, within ſight of the Italian coaſt, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Coſanus, only for his having aſſerted his privilege of citizenſhip, and declared his intention of appealing to the juſtice of his country againſt a cruel oppreſſor, who had unjuſtly confined him in priſon at Syracuſe, from whence he had juſt made his eſcape? The unhappy man, arreſted as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance diſtorted with cruelty, he orders the helpleſs victim of his rage to be ſtripped and rods to be brought; accuſing him, but without the leaſt ſhadow of evidence, or even of ſuſpicion, of having come to Sicily as a ſpy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I "have ſerved under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, "and will atteſt my innocence." The blood-thirſty prætor,

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deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous puniſhment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with ſcourging; whilſt the only words he uttered amidſt his cruel ſufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen." With theſe he hoped to defend himſelf from violence and infamy. But of ſo little ſervice was this privilege to him, that while he was thus aſſerting his citizenſhip, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the croſs!

O liberty!—O ſound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O ſacred privilege of Roman citizenſhip!—Once ſacred! now trampled upon!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magiſtrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within ſight of Italy, bind, ſcourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the laſt put to the infamous death of the croſs, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying ſpectators, nor the majeſty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the juſtice of his country, reſtrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monſter, who, in confidence of his riches, ſtrikes at the root of liberty, and ſets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expreſſing my hopes, that your wiſdom and juſtice, fathers, will not, by ſuffering the atrocious and unexampled inſolence of Caius Verres to eſcape the due puniſhment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total ſubverſion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confuſion.

XIV. *T. Quintus's Speech to the Roman People.*

THOUGH I am not conſcious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmoſt ſhame and confuſion that I appear in your aſſembly. You have ſeen it. Poſte-

Poſterity will know it—In the fourth conſulſhip of Titus Quintius, the Æqui and Volci (ſcarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchaſtiſed! The courſe of our manners, indeed, and the ſtate of our affairs, have long been ſuch, that I had no reaſon to preſage much good; but could I have imagined, that ſo great ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would by death or baniſhment (if all other means had failed) have avoided the ſtation I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if thoſe men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt? —Rome taken, while I was conſul!—Of honours I had ſufficient—Of life enough—more than enough—I ſhould have died in my third conſulate. But who are they, that our daſtardly enemy thus deſpiſe? the conſuls? or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depoſe us, puniſh us yet more ſeverely. —If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men puniſh your faults, only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of your enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquiſhed not to know both themſelves and you. Diſcord, diſcord is the ruin of this city. The eternal diſputes between the ſenate and the people, are the ſole cauſe of our misfortunes. While we will ſet no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty! while you impatiently endure patrician magiſtrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and preſumptuous.

In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You deſired tribunes; for the ſake of peace, we granted them—You were eager to have decemvirs; we conſented to their creation—You grew weary of theſe decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate—Your hatred purſued them, when reduced to be private men; and we ſuffered you

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to put to death or baniſh patricians of the firſt rank in the republic.—You inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the tribuneſhip, we yielded: we quietly ſaw conſuls of your own faction elected.—You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are ſubjected to the decrees of the commons.—Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights, and we have ſuffered it, and we ſtill ſuffer it. When ſhall we ſee an end of diſcord? When ſhall we have one intereſt and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you ſhew leſs temper than we under our defeat.—When you are to contend with us, you can ſeize the Aventine Hill, you can poſſeſs yourſelves of the Mons Sacer.—The enemy is at our gates, the Æſquiline is near being taken, and nobody ſtirs to hinder it. But againſt us you are valiant, againſt us you can arm with all diligence. Come on then, beſiege the Senate Houſe, make a camp of the Forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have achieved theſe glorious exploits, then at the leaſt ſally out at the Æſquiline gate with the ſame fierce ſpirits againſt the enemy. Does your reſolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houſes plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waſte with fire and ſword. Have you any thing here to repair theſe damages? Will the tribunes make up your loſſes to you? They will give you words as many as you pleaſe; bring impeachments in abundance againſt the prime men in the ſtate; heap law upon laws; aſſemblies you ſhall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from thoſe aſſemblies? Extinguiſh, O Romans, theſe fatal diviſions: generouſly break this curſed inchantment, which keeps you buried in a ſcandalous inaction.—Open your eyes, and conſider the management of thoſe ambitious men, who to make themſelves powerful in their party, ſtudy nothing

thing but how they may foment diviſions in the commonwealth.—If you can but ſummon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your conſuls, there is no puniſhment you can inflict which I will not ſubmit to, if I do not in a few days drive thoſe pillagers out of our territory.—This terror of war (with which you ſeem ſo grievouſly ſtruck) ſhall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

XV. *Portius, and Marcus, on the ſucceſs of Cæſar.*

Portius. THE dawn is over-caſt, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome——our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood. Already Cæſar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword;
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and ſupport his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy ſteady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæſar,
In the calm lights of mild philoſophy;
I'm tortur'd, even to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharſalia riſes to my view!—I ſee
Th' inſulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in ſlaughter,
His horſe's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
O Portius, is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of Heaven,

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Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?
Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His ſuff'rings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and power uſurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.
Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Againſt a world, a baſe degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæſar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatneſs,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty ſenate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.
Por. Remember what our father oft has told us;
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate:
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch:
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

XVI. *Faulconbridge and King John.*

Faulc. ALL Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome curs'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live!

Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for ought he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and glitter like the god of war,
When he intended to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there!
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run

To

To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? Shall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd ſilken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

XVI. *Brutus and Caſſius in Julius Cæſar.*

Brut. WHAT means this ſhouting? I do fear the people
Chooſe Cæſar for their king.

Caſ. Aye, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, Caſſius: yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you bring me to this place;
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently:

For let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.
Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.——
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upona raw and guſty day,
The troubl'd Tyber chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutr'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink.
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear; ſo from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæſar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake. 'Tis true, this god did ſhake;

His

His Coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye whoſe bend does awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—Give me ſome drink, Titinius——
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus! and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus—and Cæſar—what ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together; your's is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat does this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walls encompaſs'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil, to keep his ſtate in Rome
As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any farther mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome
Under ſuch hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from Brutus.

XVII. *Gloceſter and Haſtings.*

Gloc. MY lord, y' are well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us:
Believe me, ſhe has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adverſity. I told her
How worthily her cauſe you had befriended;
How much for your good ſake we meant to do,
That you had ſpoke, and all things ſhould be well.

Haſt. Your highneſs binds me ever to your ſervice.

Gloc.

Gloc. You know your friendſhip is moſt potent with us,
And ſhares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear;
The ſtate is out of tune; diſtracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counſels;
Amidſt the wealthy city murmurs riſe,
Lewd railings, and reproach on thoſe that rule,
With open ſcorn of government: hence credit,
And public truſt 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden ſtreams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curſe the great, and threat rebellion.

Haſt. The reſty knaves are over-run with eaſe,
As plenty ever is the nurſe of faction.
If in good days, like theſe, the headſtrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Becauſe the reins of power are held too ſlack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than juſtice.

Gloc. Beſhrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The ſource of theſe diſorders. Who can wonder
If riot and miſrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown ſits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to ſpeak: hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And ſum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Haſt. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloſter's valour and moſt princely wiſdom
So well ſupply our infant ſov'reign's place,
His youth's ſupport, and guardian to his throne.

Gloc. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant ſceptre in my hand,

Barren of power, and ſubject to control;
Scorn'd by my foes, and uſeleſs to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I ſhould not ſuffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by diſcord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt diſputed titles.

Haſt. Of this I am to learn; as not ſuppoſing
A doubt like this——

Gloc. Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occaſion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulneſs
Of Edward's iſſue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving
A baſtard ſcion never ſhould be grafted
Upon royal ſtock; from thence, at full
Diſcourſing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that ſame buxom widow
The queen he left behind him——

Haſt. Ill befall
Such meddling prieſts, who kindle up confuſion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain ſcruples!
By Heav'n, 'tis done in perfect ſpite to peace.
Did not the king
Our royal maſter, Edward, in concurrence
With his eſtates aſſembled, well determine
What courſe the ſov'reign rule ſhould take henceforward?
When ſhall the deadly hate of faction ceaſe,
When ſhall our long-divided land have reſt,
If every peeviſh, moody malecontent
Shall ſet the ſenſeleſs rabble in an uproar,

Fright

Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with ſome fantaſtic giddy change?

Gloc. What if ſome patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your ſcheme, new-mould the ſtate?

Haſt. Curſe on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heav'n,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blaſt the traitor,
And his pernicious counſels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatneſs, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Gloc. You go too far, my lord.

Haſt. Your highneſs' pardon——
Have we ſo ſoon forgot thoſe days of ruin,
When York and Lancaſter drew forth their battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her ſons,
And caſt beſide ſome common way, a ſpectacle
Of horror and affright to paſſers-by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and maſſacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When inſolence and barbariſm triumph'd,
And ſwept away diſtinction? Peaſants trod
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid
The reverend croſier, and the holy mitre;
And deſolation cover'd all the land.
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to ſheath a dagger in his heart
Whoſe curs'd ambition would renew thoſe horrors,
And ſet once more that ſcene of blood before us?

Gloc. How now! ſo hot!

Haſt. So brave, and ſo reſolv'd.

Gloc. Is then our friendſhip of ſo little moment,
That you could arm your hand againſt my life?

Haſt. I hope your highneſs does not think I meant it:
No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely perſon
Should come within the ſcope of my reſentment.

Gloc. O, noble Haſtings! Nay, I muſt embrace you:
By holy Paul, y' are a right honeſt man!
The time is full of danger and diſtruſt,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealouſy and light ſurmiſe,
If, when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's beſt ſupport;
For me, I aſk no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

Haſt. Accept what thanks a grateful heart ſhould pay.
O, princely Gloſter! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and inſolent of ſpeech,
If, when the public ſafety is in queſtion,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Gloc. Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment
Is much againſt the plainneſs of my nature:
I judge you by myſelf, a clear true ſpirit,
And, as ſuch, once more join you to my boſom.
Farewell, and be my friend.

Haſt. I am not read,
Nor ſkill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatneſs,
To kindle thus, and give a ſcope to paſſion.
The duke is ſurely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'reſt point; the maſter-ſtring
That makes moſt harmony or diſcord to me.
I own the glorious ſubject fires my breaſt,
And my ſoul's darling paſſion ſtands confeſs'd;
Beyond or love's or friendſhip's ſacred band,
Beyond myſelf, I prize my native land:

On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleaſure for my country's good.

XVIII. *King Henry the Fourth, Northumberland, and Hotſpur.*

K. Hen. MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me: for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
North. My good lord,
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſs' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your majeſty.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no priſoners:
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain lord; neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe; and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And as the ſoldiers bore dead bodies by,

Be call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me: among the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I, then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (Heav'n ſave the mark!)
And telling me the ſovereigneſt thing on earth
Was ſpermaceti for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.——
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And, I beſeech you, let not this report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

North. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt re-told,
May reaſonably die: and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now,

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his priſoners;
But with proviſo and exception,
That we, at our own charge, ſhall ranſom ſtraight
His brother-in law, the fooliſh Mortimer;
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, old Glendower:
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon, and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs but one ſingle tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of ſweet Severn's flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble Mortimer

Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.
K. Henry. Thou doſt belie him, Percy; thou belyſt him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
He durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not aſham'd? But, ſirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of Mortimer.
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your ſon.
—Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it [*Exit.* K. H.
Hot. I will not ſend them—I will after ſtraight,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe awhile.
Hot. Not ſpeak of Mortimer!
Yes, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop i'the duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll hollow Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a ſtarling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
North. My ſon, farewell.—No farther go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe,

When time is ripe (which will be ſuddenly)
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our pow'rs at once
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Hot. Father, adieu!—O let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our ſport.

XIX. *King Henry, and the Prince of Wales.*

K. Hen. LORDS, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: But be near
At hand, for we ſhall preſently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt lords.*
I know not whether Heav'n will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt, in thy paſſages of life,
Make me believe,—That thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance of the rod of heav'n,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate, and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou are match'd withall and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So pleaſe your majeſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many tales devis'd,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,

Find

Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections which do hold a wing
Quite from the field of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all my court and princes of my blood:
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, "This is he!"
Others would ſay.—"Where? Which is Bolingbroke?"
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
And in that very line, Harry ſtand'ſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; now there's not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more;
Which now doth what I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. Henry

P. Henry. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurgh:
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my ſceptre, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm;
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws:
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned Douglas!
Thrice hath this Hotſpur, Mars in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Diſcomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbiſhop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy;
Thou that art like enough,—through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen——
To fight againſt me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curt'ſy at his frowns,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all-praiſed knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of Heav'n, I promiſe here:
The which if he be pleas'd I ſhall perform,
I do beſeech your majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die an hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this;
Thou ſhall have charge and ſovereign truſt herein;
Our hands are full of buſineſs; let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat while we delay.

XX. *Vanoc and Valens, in the Tragedy of the Briton.*

Van. NOW Tribune:——

Val. Health to Vanoc.

Van. Speak your buſineſs.

Val. I come not as a herald but a friend:
And I rejoice that Didius choſe out me
To greet a prince, in my eſteem the foremoſt.

Van. So much for words,—Now to your purpoſe, Tribune:

Val. Sent by our new lieutenant, who in Rome,
And ſince from me, has heard of your renown,
I come to offer peace; to reconcile
Paſt enmities; to ſtrike perpetual league
With Vanoc: whom our emperor invites
To terms of friendſhip; ſtricteſt bonds of union.

Van. We muſt not hold a friendſhip with the Romans.

Val. Why muſt you not?

Van. Virtue forbids it.

Val. Once
You thought our friendſhip was your greateſt glory.

Van. I thought you honeſt.—I have been deceiv'd.—
Would you deceive me twice? No, Tribune; no!
You ſought for war,—maintain it as you may.

Val. Believe me, prince, your vehemence of ſpirit,
Prone ever to extremes, betrays your judgement.
Would you once coolly reaſon on our conduct,——

Van. O! I have ſcann'd it, thoroughly——Night and day
I think it over, and I think it baſe:
Moſt infamous! let who will judge—but Romans.
Did not my wife, did not my menial ſervant,
Seducing each the other, both conſpire
Againſt my crown, againſt my fame, my life?

Did

Did they not levy war and wage rebellion?
And when I would aſſert my right and power
As king and huſband, when I would chaſtiſe
Two moſt abandon'd wretches—who but Romans
Oppos'd my juſtice and maintain'd their crimes?

Val. At firſt the Romans did not interpoſe,
But griev'd to ſee their beſt allies at variance.
Indeed when you turn'd juſtice into rigour,
And ev'n that rigour was purſu'd with fury;
We undertook to mediate for the queen;
And hop'd to moderate——

Van. To moderate!
What would you moderate?—my indignation?
The juſt reſentment of a virtuous mind?
To mediate for the queen!—You undertook!—
Wherein concern'd it you? But as you love
To exerciſe your inſolence! Are you
To arbitrate my wrongs?—muſt I aſk leave;
Muſt I be taught to govern my own houſehold?
Am I then void of reaſon and of juſtice?
When in my family offences riſe,
Shall ſtrangers, ſaucy intermeddlers, ſay
Thus far, and thus you are allow'd to puniſh?
When I ſubmit to ſuch indignities;
When I am tam'd to that degree of ſlavery——
Make me a citizen, a ſenator of Rome,
To watch, to live upon the ſmile of Claudius;
To give my wife and children to his pleaſures,
To ſell my country with my voice for bread.

Val. Prince, you inſult upon this day's ſucceſs;
You may provoke too far—but I am cool—
I give your anger ſcope.

Van. Who ſhall confine it?—
The Romans?——Let them rule their ſlaves——I bluſh
That,

That, dazzled in my youth with oſtentation,
The trappings of the men ſeduc'd my virtue.

Val. Bluſh rather that you are a ſlave to paſſion;
Subſervient to the wildneſs of your will;
Which, like a whirlwind, tears up all your virtues,
And gives you not the leiſure to conſider.
Did not the Romans civilize you?——

Van. No; they brought new cuſtoms and new vices over,
Taught us more arts than honeſt men require,
And gave us wants that Nature never knew.

Val. We found you naked——

Van. And you found us free.

Val. Would you be temperate once and hear me out.—

Van. Speak things that honeſt men may hear with temper,
Speak the plain truth, and varniſh not your crimes;
Say that you once were virtuous—long ago
A frugal hardy people like the Britons,
Before you grew thus elegant in vice,
And gave your luxuries the name of virtues.
The civilizers!—the diſtributers ſay:
The robbers, the corrupters of mankind,
Proud vagabonds!—who make the world your home,
And lord it where you have no right.
What virtue have you taught?

Val. Humanity.

Van. Oh, patience?——

Val. Can you diſown a truth confeſs'd by all?
A praiſe, a glory known in barbarous climes?
Far as our legions march they carry knowledge,
The arts, the laws, the diſcipline of life.
Our conqueſts are indulgencies, and we
Not maſters, but protectors of mankind.

Van. Prevaricating—falſe—moſt courteous tyrants!——
Romans! Rare patterns of humanity!

Came

Came you then here, thus far through waves to conquer,
To waſte, to plunder out of mere compaſſion?
Is it humanity that prompts you on
To ravage the whole earth, to burn, deſtroy?
To raiſe the cry of widows and of orphans?
To lead in bonds the generous free-born princes,
Who ſpurn, who fight againſt your tyranny?
Happy for us, and happy for you ſpoilers,
Had your humanity ne'er reach'd our world——
It is a virtue—(ſo it ſeems you call it)
A Roman virtue that has coſt your dear:——
And dearer ſhall it coſt if Vanoc lives——
Or if we die, we ſhall leave thoſe behind us
Who know the worth of Britiſh liberty.

Val. I mean not to reproach your anceſtors,
Untaught, uncultivated as they were,
Inhoſpitable, fiery, and ferocious;
Lions in ſpirit, cruel beyond men;
Your altars reeking oft with human blood:
Nor will I urge you farther on our merits.
I come inſtructed, Sir, to offer peace;
The peace that Didius offers, Valens ſues for;
Propoſe your terms, and you will find me forward
To win the Roman general to compliance,
And to deſerve once more the name of friend.

Van. Deliver up the queen, ſend back my daughter:
This done, we may be brought to treat of peace.

Val. Therein the dignity, the faith of Claudius
Would highly ſuffer.

Van. Is then the dignity,
The faith of Claudius founded on injuſtice?
Is it his glory to protect a traitreſs,
A baſe, a profligate, adulterous woman?
Fit emperor, indeed, to govern Romans!——

But

But, Valens, let me tell you, the free Britons
Would not endure his ſway, they muſt have juſtice;
And from their prince they do require it moſt!——
Nay, they demand it ——

Val. In blaming us; in making your demands
You do not recollect the ſervices,
The debt we juſtly owe to Cartiſmand.

Van. The ſervices! the debt! Notorious deed!——
Her earlieſt infamy: your worſt diſgrace!
Not recollect! O Caradoc, thy proweſs,
Not thy credulity, be my example!
Not know your ſhame!—yes, every Briton knows it.
You triumph'd by a woman's perfidy!
Oſtorious bought the foe he could not conquer:
Who elſe had conquer'd him and freed this iſland.

Val. Impetuous Briton, partial in your rage!
You need not thus employ your eloquence:
We know it all.

Van. Yet let me recollect,
Through the wide-crowded ſtreets of Rome behold
The warrior walk majeſtic in his bonds.
In the full ſenate now he ſtands undaunted
An aged, awful, a triumphant captive!
His looks, his words, appall the rob'd aſſembly,
And ſhake vain-glorious Claudius on his throne.

Val. Claudius took off his chains—remember that!

Van. Then did your nobles ſee a man, a Briton!
The admiration, the terror of the Romans!
This is the mighty debt you owe that woman.

Val. Yet after this you married Cartiſmand!

Van. I was ambitious, that I learn'd from you.
That I did wed with treachery, and was a friend
To Romans, is the whole reproach of Vanoc.
But they and ſhe combin'd, have clear'd my honour,

And when I ſtain it by forgiving either,
Let my own ſubjects brand me for a coward.

Val. Talk not of honour, prince, an empty ſound,
The vaunting of a Briton in his choler!——
To me, at leaſt, you ſhould have ſpar'd the boaſt;
You can renounce your word, we know, at pleaſure;
Forget paſt ſervices, worn marks of kindneſs:
Then quarrel with your friends to free the debt,
And ſacrifice all faith to your reſentments.

Van. This accuſation I can hear unmov'd,
It ſullies not my ſoul, nor taints my fame.
It is a ſlander——I expect no better.

Val. Do I calumniate? ungrateful Vanoc,
Perfidious prince! Is it a calumny
To ſay that Gwendolen betroth'd to Yvor
Was by her father firſt aſſur'd to Valens?
By ſolemn promiſes you made her mine,
And I, by faithful ſervices, deſerv'd her.
What have I done to merit this injuſtice?

Van. My daughter!—No!——
Were it to ſave her life ſhe ſhould not wed
A Roman.

Val. Then hear me, proud Cornavian!——
Unthinking prince, I take you at your word.
Nor ſhall you forfeit it a ſecond time;
She ſhall not wed, ſhe ſhall not be a wife,
But ſhe ſhall be a ſlave;—and to a Roman!
The wretched mother ſhall ſhe be of ſlaves,
And live to curſe her offspring and her father!
I will not aſk your leave to uſe my captive
As I pleaſe:—She is my right; my property.
We thank you that there needs no farther courtſhip.
I can command her, and ſhe muſt comply.

Fortune

Fortune is juſt——what you refuſe, ſhe gives,
And Vanoc ſuffers for his breach of promiſe.

Van. Hence, menacer!—nor tempt me into rage.—
This roof protects thy raſhneſs; but begone.
I cannot anſwer for my indignation.
If thou ſhouldſt dare to violate my child,
Or but pollute her cheek with one rude kiſs,
What heavy vengeance ſhall I not require!——
Nor man nor woman, nor the new-born infant,
Nor any thing that's Roman will I ſpare;
But in the bitterneſs of wrath deſtroy.
And for thy lewd ill-manner'd threats, remember,
That I henceforward do abjure all peace:
Nor ſhall you buy my friendſhip with your empire.
Away!—Alan, conduct the Tribune forth:——
And let him paſs unqueſtion'd. [*Exit.*

Val. The king is much incens'd—alas! he knows not
How far a lover's tongue belies his heart!——
Mine are fond menaces; the throes of love.

O Gwendolen, amidſt thy charms ſecure,
Still doſt thou reign, whatever I endure,
Thy beauty and thy innocence combin'd,
At once enflame and over-awe my mind.

PART IV.

REFLEXION and ARGUMENT.

I. *Brutus's Soliloquy upon killing Cæsar.*

IT muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him;
But for the general—He would be crown'd——
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking: crown him—that——
And then I grant we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuſe of greatneſs is, when it diſjoins
Remorſe from power: and, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend. So Cæſar may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would

Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow miſchievous,
And kill him in the ſhell.

II. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on his own Conduct.*

OH, what a wretch and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage warm'd,
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled fellow, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A baſe defeat was made. It cannot be;
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal!

About, my brains! Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before my uncle: I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,)
Abuſes me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king.

III. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Life and Death.*

TO be or not to be?—that is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſtings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them?—To die—to ſleep;
No more: and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to;—'Tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die—to ſleep——
To ſleep? perchance to dream?——ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.—There's the reſpect

That

That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

IV. *Hamlet and Captain.*

Ham. GOOD Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of Poland, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Capt. Truly to ſpeak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it.
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.

Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw:
This is the impoſthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God be wi'ye, Sir. [*Exit Captain.*

Ham. How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to ſleep, and feed? a beaſt; no more.
Sure, he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on the event——
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever, three parts coward)—I do not know,
Why yet I live to ſay, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means,
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me:
Witneſs, this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal, and unſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg ſhell. Rightly, to be great
Is not to ſtir without great argument;

But

But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
Th' imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That, for a fantaſy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the ſlain?—Oh, then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

V. *Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.*

IT muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſonſt well——
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us:
'Tis Heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.

But when or where?—This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this muſt end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd.—My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This, in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and Nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the cruſh of words.

PART

PART V.

GRIEF AND TENDERNESS.

I. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.*

OH that this too, too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf ſlaughter!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two;—
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of Heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember!——why ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a month——
Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears——Why, ſhe, even ſhe——
(O Heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with my uncle;
My father's brother: but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married——Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

II. *Buckingham going to Execution.*

ALL good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home, and loſe me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
And by that name muſt die; yet, Heav'n bear witneſs,
And if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham;
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And lift my ſoul to Heaven.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward Bohun.
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now ſeal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

Who

Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping Richard,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant Baniſter,
Being diſtreſſed, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; Heav'n's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal Prince
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortune; both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd:
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heav'n has an end in all; yet you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me; I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak how I fell—Remember Buckingham!

III. *Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on Sleep.*

HOW many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs!
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe to a common larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their mouſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That with the hurly, death itſelf awakes:
Canſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown,
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

IV. *Soliloquy of the King, in Hamlet.*

OH! my offence is rank, it ſmells to Heav'n;
It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brother's murder——Pray I cannot:
Though inclination be as ſharp as 'twill,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,

I ſtand

I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet Heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down?——Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt.——But oh, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!——
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, my own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law. But 'tis not ſo above——
There is no ſhuffling; there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate! O boſom black as death!
O limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All, all may be well.

V. *Cato's Speech on the Death of his Son.*

THANKS to the gods, my boy has done his duty!
Welcome, my ſon! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody corſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country?
Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus! let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears:
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Whate'er the Roman virtue has ſubdu'd,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year are Cæſar's;
For him the ſelf-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæſar. O my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curſt ambition!
Fall'n into Cæſar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know there are ſhips prepar'd by my command,
(Their ſails already op'ning to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſh'd-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where Cæſar never ſhall approach us more. There

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' ſtill by faction, vice, and fortune croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not loſt.

VI. *Hymn to Adverſity.*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own, ſhe learn'd to melt at other's woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good:
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Proſperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom, in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,

And

And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou are ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and thret'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, with ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel, and know myſelf a man.

VII. *Ode on a diſtant Proſpect of Eton College.*

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat[illegible]glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY's holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary THAMES along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah

Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father THAMES, (for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace)
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

Whilſt ſome, on earneſt buſineſs bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:——
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;

The

The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Their's buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee how all around them wait,
The Miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſkulks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd, comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The

The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd.
And moody Madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate?
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies:
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

VIII. *Satan's Addreſs to the Sun.*

O Thou that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,

But

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O ſun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs King.
Ah, wherefore? he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice: lifted up ſo high
I 'ſdain'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me high'ſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude.
So burdenſome, ſtill paying, ſtill to owe;
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharged; what burden then?
Oh had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt. Whom haſt thou then, or what t' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,

To

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is hell; myſelf am hell;
And, in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heaven.
Oh then at laſt relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes, and other vaunts,
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell:
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery: ſuch joy ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
Vows made in vain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion, bought with double ſmart:
This knows my puniſher: therefore as far

From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold inſtead
Of us outcaſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorſe; all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good: by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half, perhaps, will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, ſhall know.

IX. *Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæſar's Body.*

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;

And

And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?
O Judgement! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon.—Bear with me—
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on:
'Twas on a Summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! in this place ran Caſſius' dagger through;—
See what a rent the envious Caſca made;——
Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no.
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel:
Judge, O ye gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him:
This, this was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even

Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls; what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.——

Goods friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To any ſudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on:
I tell you that which you yourſelves do know;
Show you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

X. *Junius*

X. *Junius Brutus over the Dead Body of Lucretia.*

YES, noble lady, with this blood, this blood which was once ſo pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, will I purſue Lucius Tarquinius the proud, his wicked wife, and their children, to utter deſtruction: nor will I ever ſuffer any of that family, or of any other whatſoever, to be king in Rome. Ye gods, I call you to witneſs this my determination!—There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—ſhe died by her own hand. See there a noble lady whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitably entertained by her as a kinſman of her huſband's Sextus, the perfidious gueſt, became her brutal raviſher. The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman! But once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and ſhall we, ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterprize. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us. And ſhall all thoſe warriors, who have ever been ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themſelves from ſlavery? Some of you are, perhaps, inti-

intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The ſoldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Baniſh ſo groundleſs a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome: they will as eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be ſome among them, who, through baſeneſs of ſpirit, or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour the tyrant. The number of theſe can be but ſmall, and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; thoſe gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands; polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects. Ye gods, who protected our forefathers; ye Genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome, do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath defend your worſhip from all profanation.

XI. *Lord Stafford's Speech before Sentence paſſed upon him by the Lords for Treaſon.*

MY Lords, as this ſpecies of treaſon of which I am accuſed by the Commons is entirely new and unknown to the laws, ſo is the ſpecies of proof by which they pretend to fix that guilt upon me. They have invented a kind of accumulative or conſtructive evidence; by which many actions, either totally innocent in themſelves, or criminal in a much inferior degree, ſhall, when united, amount to treaſon, and ſubject the perſon to the higheſt penalties inflicted by

the laws. A haſty and unguarded word, a raſh and paſſionate action, aſſiſted by the malevolent fancy of the accuſer, and tortured by doubtful conſtructions, is tranſmuted into the deepeſt guilt; and the lives and fortunes of the whole nation, no longer protected by juſtice, are ſubjected to arbitrary will and pleaſure.

Where has this ſpecies of guilt lain ſo long concealed? Where has this fire been ſo long buried, during ſo many centuries, that no ſmoke ſhould appear, till it burſt out at once to conſume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and, by the maxims of a cautious prudence, to conform ourſelves the beſt we can to the arbitrary will of a maſter, than fancy we have a law, on which we can rely, and which ſhall inflict a puniſhment, precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of till the very moment of the proſecution. If I ſail on the Thames, and ſplit my veſſel on an anchor, in caſe there be no buoy to give me warning, the party ſhall pay me damages; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the ſtriking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark ſet upon this crime? It has lain concealed under water, and no human prudence, no human innocence, could ſave me from the deſtruction with which I am at preſent threatened.

It is now full two hundred and forty years ſince treaſons were defined, and ſo long has it been ſince any man was touched to this extent, upon this crime, before myſelf. We have lived, my Lords, happily to ourſelves at home. We have lived glorioufly abroad to the world. Let us be content with what our fathers have left us. Let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were in theſe killing and deſtructive arts. Great wiſdom it will be in your lordſhips, and juſt providence for yourſelves, for your poſterities, for the whole kingdom, to caſt from you

into the fire theſe bloody and myſterious volumes of arbitrary and conſtructive treaſons, as the primitive Chriſtians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourſelves to the plain letter of the ſtatute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out the path by which you may avoid it. Let us not, to our own deſtruction, awake thoſe ſleeping lions, by rattling up a company of old records, which have for ſo many ages hung by the wall forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions add not this, my Lords, the moſt ſevere of any, that I, for my other ſins, not for my treaſon, be the means of introducing a precedent, ſo pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country. However theſe gentlemen at the bar ſay they ſpeak for the commonwealth, and they believe ſo. Yet, under favour, it is I who in this parcular ſpeak for the commonwealth. Precedents like thoſe which are endeavoured to be eſtabliſhed againſt me, muſt draw along ſuch inconveniences and miſeries, that in a few years the kingdom will be in the condition expreſſed in a ſtatute of Henry the Fourth; and no man ſhall know by what rule to govern his words and actions. Impoſe not, my Lords, difficulties inſurmountable upon miniſters of ſtate; nor diſable them from ſerving with chearfulneſs their king and country. If you examine them, and under ſuch ſevere penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the ſcrutiny will be intolerable. The public affairs of the kingdom muſt be left waſte: and no wiſe man, who has any honour or fortune to loſe, will ever engage himſelf in ſuch dreadful, ſuch unknown perils.

My Lords, I have now troubled your Lordſhips a great deal longer than I ſhould have done. Were it not for the intereſt of theſe pledges, which a ſaint in Heaven left me, I ſhould be loth—What I forfeit for myſelf is nothing—but I confeſs that my indiſcretion ſhould forfeit for them; it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleaſed to pardon my infirmity;

infirmity; ſomething I ſhould have ſaid, but I ſee I ſhall not be able, therefore I ſhall leave it.

And now, my Lords, I thank God I have been, by his bleſſing, ſufficiently inſtructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And ſo, my Lords, even ſo, with all humility and with all tranquillity of mind, I ſubmit clearly and freely to your judgement. And whether that righteous judgement be to life or death, I ſhall repoſe myſelf, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great Author of my exiſtence.

XII. *Sampſon deploring his Captivity and Loſs of Sight.*

A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little farther on,
For yonder bank has choice of ſun or ſhade;
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my taſk of ſervile toil
Daily in the common priſon elſe enjoyn'd me;
Where I, a pris'ner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholeſome draught; but here I feel amends;
The breath of Heav'n freſh blowing pure and ſweet
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn feaſt the people hold
To Dagon their ſea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this reſt
Their ſuperſtition leaves me; hence, with leave,
Retiring from the popular noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place, to find ſome eaſe;
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind,
From reſtleſs thoughts, that, like a deadly ſwarm
Of Hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,

But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent
Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at laſt in ſight
Of both my parents, all in flames aſcended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting,
His god-like preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race.
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd,
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits, if I muſt die,
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out;
Made of my enemies the ſcorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under taſk,
With this Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? Oh glorious ſtrength
Put to the labour of a beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bond-ſlave. Promiſe was, that I
Should Iſrael from Philiſtian yoke deliver;
Aſk for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in Gaza, at the mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under Philiſtian yoke;
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through my own default?
Whom have I to complain of but myſelf?
Who, this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the ſeal of ſilence, could not keep,
But weakly to a woman muſt reveal it;
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom? Vaſt, unweildy, burdenſome,

Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties; not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve, where wiſdom bears command!
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhow withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my hair.—
But peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein,
Haply had ends above my reach to know;
Suffices that to me, ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many and ſo huge, that each apart,
Would aſk a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among enemies! Oh worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decripit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd;
Inferior to the vileſt now become,
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me;
They creep, yet ſee; I dark, in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe, and wrong;
Within doors or without, ſtill as a fool
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live; dead more than half.
Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe,
Without all hope of day!
Oh firſt great beam, and thou great word;
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The ſun to me is dark,
And ſilent as the moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life itſelf, if it be true
That light is in the ſoul,
She all in every part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and ſo eaſy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd
That ſhe might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkneſs, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but oh yet more miſerable!
Myſelf my ſepulchre, a moving grave;
Bury'd, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of life,
Life in captivity,
Among inhuman foes.

XIII. *The Bard.*

"RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King!
" Confuſion on thy banners wait;
" Tho' fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
" They mock the air with idle ſtate!
" Helm nor hauberk's twiſted mail,
" Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
" To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
" From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the ſounds that o'er the creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,

As

As down the ſteep of Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air):
And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and deſert-cave,
"Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
"O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
"Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
"Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
"That huſh'd the ſtormy main:
"Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
"Mountains, ye mourn in vain
"Modred, whoſe magic ſong
"Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

"On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
"Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
"Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
"The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.

"Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
"Dear as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
"Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries——

" No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
" On yonder cliffs, a griſly band,
" I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
" Avengers of their native land:
" With me in dreadful harmony they join,
" And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding ſheet of Edward's race;
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace;
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
" Shrieks of an agonizing king!
" She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The ſcourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solicitude behind.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord,
" Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obſequies!
" Is the ſable warrior fled?
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
" The ſwarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.
" Fair laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm:
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
" That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his ev'ning-prey.

" Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare,
" 'Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair,
" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe?
" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his conſort's faith, his father's fame,
" And ſpare the meek uſurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the roſe of ſnow,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread;
" The briſtled boar, in infant gore,
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo; to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun.)
" Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)
" Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
" Leave me unbleſs'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
" In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
" They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
" But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
" Deſcending ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
" Viſions of glory! ſpare my aching ſight,
" Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
" No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail.
" All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's iſſue, hail!

" Girt with many a Baron bold
" Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
" And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
" In bearded majeſty appear.
" In the midſt a form divine!
" Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
" Her lion-port, her awe commanding face,
" Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
" What ſtrings ſymphonius tremble in the air!
" What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
" Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin, hear;
" They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay.
" Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
" Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

" The verſe adorn again
" Fierce War, and faithful Love,
" And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt:
" In buſkin'd meaſures move
" Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
" With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
" A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
" Gales from blooming Eden bear;
" And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
" That loſt in long futurity expire.
" Fond impious man, think'ſt thou yon ſanguine cloud,
" Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
" To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
" And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
" Enough for me: with joy I ſee
" The different doom our fates aſſign.
" Be thine Deſpair, and ſceptr'd Care;
" To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He ſpoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

XIV. *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The god-like hero ſat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound:
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sat, like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And to the Nymph his vows addreſs'd;
Then round his dreadful thunders hurl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.—
The liſt'ning crowd admire thy lofty ſound;
A preſent deity they ſhout around,
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung:
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd——
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:

Deſerted

Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt look the joyleſs victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War he ſung is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.——
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd, and look'd; ſigh'd, and look'd;
Sigh'd and look'd; and ſigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain. Break

Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries:
See the furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!—
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire,
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame; The

The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies:
She drew an angel down.

XV. *Ode on the Paſſions.*

WHEN Muſic, heav'nly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſs'd beyond the Muſe's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt Fear, his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And—back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In light'nings own'd his ſecret ſtings;

In

In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the scene prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate;
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul;
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound,
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When cheerfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sifters, and their chaſte-ey'd Queen,
Satyrs, and ſylvan boys, were ſeen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſs'd;
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk awak'ning viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.

They

They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Muſic! ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of Pleaſure, Wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied,
Layſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
Thou learn'dſt an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, oh nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Siſter's page.
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Even all at once together ſound,—
Cecilia's mingled world of ſound.—
Oh bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece;
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate!
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

XVI. *The Entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London.*

Duke and Ducheſs of York.

Duch. MY Lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great Bolingbroke!
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
While all tongues cried, God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Good Heav'n preſerve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.

Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God ſave him!

No

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
(His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience)
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will be bound our calm contents.

XVII. *Scroop and Richard.*

Scroop. MORE health and happineſs betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. My ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? That we cannot mend:
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay:
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.

White

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown.
The very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew, againſt thy ſtate;
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tellſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is he?
What is become of all my boſom friends?
—No matter what; of comfort no man ſpeak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo —— for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's;
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For Heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings;
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſt they diſpoſſeſs'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives; ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his court; and there the Antick ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:

Infuſing

Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle walls, and farewell King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while.
I live on bread like you, feel want like you;
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King!

XVIII. *Henry IV. and Prince Henry.*

P. Henry. I Never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. Henry. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought.

I ſtay too long by thee; I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe! O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation;
Thy life did manifeſt thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hidſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.

What!

What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crown'd, and not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, royal ſtate! All you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs:
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy—he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint! and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riot,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
Oh, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech)
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;

And

And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
(Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth) this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! if I do feign,
Oh let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other leſs fine in carat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it:
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry.

K. Henry. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what bye-paths, and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came to the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world, will rightfully maintain.

XIX. *Wolſey and Cromwell.*

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely

His greatneſs is a-ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new-opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile he would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy ſpirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.
Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me
Out of thy honeſt truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay then I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:

Crom-

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man, then,
(Tho' th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aimſt at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King——
And pr'ythee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to my enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

XX. *Aletes and Ilyſſus, in Creuſa Queen of Athens.*

Ale. MY deareſt boy!——

Ilyſ. Speak on, Aletes,
And do not by that look of tenderneſs,
And murm'ring to thyſelf, alarm me more.

Ale. What ſhould I ſpeak; this very morn, Ilyſſus,
This very morn I told thee a few hours
Would ſhew thee what thou wert; but thy impatience
Brooks not that ſhort delay. It ſeems Aletes
Has loſt his uſual credit with Ilyſſus;
Ev'n with the youth his anxious care has form'd.
Thinkſt thou the man who taught thy feeling heart

To ſtart at falſehood, would himſelf commit
The fraud thou ſhudder'ſt at? What have I done,
Which ſhould induce thee to a thought ſo baſe?
Did e'er my precepts contradict my heart?
Did I e'er teach a virtue I not practis'd?
—I ſee thou art confounded. Know then, Youth,
I blame not thy impatience; nay, I praiſe
That modeſty which can ſo ſoon reſume
Its ſeat, when all things round are big with wonder.
Ere night thou ſhalt know all; till then, Ilyſſus,
Behave as Athens' King.

Ilyſ. O good Aletes,
Forgive my raſhneſs. Yes, I know thee honeſt
As truth itſelf; and know the wond'rous debt
I owe thy goodneſs. Yet, if thou confeſs
That I have reaſon for theſe anxious cares,
Thou wilt permit me ſtill to queſtion thee.
Nay, look upon me whilſt I ſpeak to thee.
Perhaps thou haſt ſome ſecret cauſe, Aletes,
For all that kind attention thou haſt ſhewn me,
From infancy till now? Why doſt thou turn
Thy eyes to earth? 'Tis plain thou haſt a cauſe:
Thou knowſt from whom I ſprung; how canſt thou elſe
With confidence aſſert, that yet ere night
I ſhall know all!—Say this at leaſt, Aletes,
Shall the Queen's anger ceaſe?

Ale. It ſhall, Ilyſſus.
Ev'n now I wait her here; on what deſign
I muſt not yet inform thee. The next time
Thou ſhalt behold her, thou wilt find a change
Incredible indeed, from rage to fondneſs,
From cold reſerve to tears of burſting joy.

[*Ilyſſus is going to ſpeak eagerly.*

—Aſk me no more.—Yet ſomething didſt thou ſay

Re-

Relating to the cauſe which fix'd me here
Thy guardian, thy inſtructor, and—the time
Will come when thou ſhalt know it all, Ilyſſus,
And bleſs my memory.

Ilyſ. Thou weepſt, Aletes.
My tears will mingle too.

Ale. Forbear, and leave me;——
Yet ſtay a while, for now, perhaps, we part
To meet no more.

Ilyſ. No more! Thou wilt not leave me
When moſt I want thy care! 'Twas my firſt thought;
'Twas the firſt boon I aſk'd of the good King,
That thou mightſt be my kind inſtructor ſtill.
He prais'd my gratitude, and I had promis'd
To bring him to my cottage. He himſelf
Shall be a ſuitor to thee.

Ale. Thou haſt aſk'd
Thou knowſt not what: it cannot be, Ilyſſus,
That Xuthus and Aletes e'er ſhould meet
On terms of amity. The ſmiles of greatneſs
To me have loſt their value. For thy love
I could do much, and to be ſever'd from thee
Pulls at my heart-ſtrings. But reſiſtleſs fate
Has fix'd the ſeal, and we muſt part for ever,
How hard ſoe'er it ſeem. Thy youth will ſoon,
Amidſt the buſy ſcenes of active greatneſs,
Forget its monitor: but I muſt bear
In hopeleſs ſolitude the pangs of abſence
Till thought ſhould be no more.

Ilyſ. O heav'nly pow'rs!
Then there is ſomething dreadful yet conceal'd.
I cannot part from thee in ignorance.
Tell me, Aletes.

Ale. Would I could! But now

It muſt not be.—Haſte to the banquet, youth,
Thy duty calls thee thither.

Ilyſ. Go I cannot,
Till thou aſſur'ſt me we ſhall meet again.

Ale. If poſſible we will. If not, remember,
When thou ſhalt know thyſelf, that on thyſelf
Thy fate depends; that virtue, glory, happineſs,
Are cloſe connected, and their ſad reverſe
Is vice, is pain, is infamy.—Alas!
Theſe were the leſſons of thy private life;
This I have told thee oft, but my fond tongue
Runs o'er its former precepts, and forgets
Thou now muſt mount a throne; a larger ſcene
Of duty opens.

Ilyſ. Yet the tender friend,
Who ſhould direct me, leaves me to myſelf.
Canſt thou abandon me?

Ale. Would fate permit
I would attend thee ſtill. But oh, Ilyſſus,
Whate'er becomes of me, when thou ſhall reach
That envied pinacle of earthly greatneſs,
Where faithful monitors but rarely follow,
Ev'n there, amidſt the kindeſt ſmiles of fortune,
Forget not thou wert once diſtreſs'd and friendleſs.
Be ſtrictly juſt; but yet, like Heaven, with mercy
Temper thy juſtice. From thy purged ear
Baniſh baſe flattery, and ſpurn the wretch
Who would perſuade thee thou art more than man;
Weak, erring, ſelfiſh man, endued with power
To be the miniſter of public good.
If conqueſt charm thee, and the pride of war
Blaze on thy ſight, remember thou art placed
The guardian of mankind, nor build thy fame
On rapines, and on murders. Should ſoft peace

Invite

Invite to luxury: the pleaſing bane
Of happy kingdoms, know from thy example
The bliſs or woe of nameleſs millions ſprings,
Their virtue, or their vice. Nor think by laws
To curb licentious man; thoſe laws alone
Can bend the headſtrong many to their yoke,
Which make it preſent int'reſt to obey them.
O boy!—Thy fate depends
Upon thy abſence now. The queen approaches.
After the banquet I again will ſee thee,
And thou ſhall know the whole.

XXI. *Juba and Syphax.*

Juba. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares and diſcontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eyes thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſunſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet ſo much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungen'rous terms
Againſt the lords and ſov'reigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny ſons?

Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who, like our active African, inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? Theſe, theſe are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not ſtoop to Rome.

Jub. Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves;
A Roman ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
To lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make man mild, and ſociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious ſavage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embelliſhments of life: virtues like theſe
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, juſt Heav'ns!—Excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods deſign'd us?

Jub. To ſtrike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height

The

The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf:
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat:
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſerts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chace,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſuff'rings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:

I think the Romans call it Stoiſciſm.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a ſlave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's ſands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why doſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Jub. What wouldſt thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewell?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon!——His grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.

Jub.

Jub. Alas, the ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counſels in your heart.

Jub. His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer's ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

Syph. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety!

Jub. I do believe thou wouldſt; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæſar's foes.

Jub. My father ſcorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather ſay your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper:
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis eaſy to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it; or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The ſun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a ſet of features, a complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.

The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. Cato's ſoul
Shines out in ev'ry thing ſhe acts and ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!

PART VI.

COMIC HUMOUR.

I. *Jaques on Fools and the Progreſs of Life.*

A FOOL, a fool; I met a fool i' th' foreſt,
A motley fool; a miſerable world!
As I do live by food I met a fool,
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms;
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I. No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till Heaven hath ſent me fortune:
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten a clock.
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus a moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:

And

And I did laugh ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.
But though the fool may act the wiſe man's part,
Yet full as oft the wiſe man plays the fool.
For all the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. And firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.
And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then the ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel:
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the juſtice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles the in ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte,—ſans every thing.

II. *Clown.*

II. *Clown, Duke, and Jaques.*

Jaq. HERE comes a very ſtrange beaſt; which in all tongues is called fool.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good, my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation: I have trod a meaſure, I have flattered a lady, I have been politic with my friend, ſmooth with my enemy, I have undone three taylors, I have had four quarrels, and had like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. Why we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe? Good, my Lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives. Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe, as your pearl in your foul oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my honour he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lye ſeven times remov'd; as thus, Sir: I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not well cut, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I ſent him word again, it was not cut well, he wou'd ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the quip modeſt.

modeſt. If again it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgement: this is call'd the reply churliſh. If again it was not well cut, he would anſwer I ſpake not true: this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would ſay I lie: this is call'd the countercheck quarrelſome; and ſo the lie circumſtantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no farther than the lie circumſtantial; and he durſt not give me the lie direct, and ſo we met, meaſured ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O, Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the retort courteous; the ſecond, the quip modeſt; the third, the reply churliſh; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo: O ho! did you ſo? So they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? He's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

III. *The Town and Country Mice.*

ONCE on a time, ſo runs the fable,
A country mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a town mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a farmer might a lord:
A frugal mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul;
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coûte qu'il coûte.*
He brought him bacon, nothing lean;
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his gueſt though no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhew'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd,—"I vow you're mighty neat:
"But, my dear friend, this ſavage ſcene!
"For Heav'n's ſake, come, and live with men:
"Conſider, mice, like men, muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport;
"This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court."
The verieſt hermit in the nation
May yield, Heav'n knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's Inn:
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordſhips had ſat late.

Behold

Behold the place!—where, if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be ſaid,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſat, *tête à tête.*

Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law.
"*Que ça eſt bon! Ah, goûtez ça!*
"That jelly's rich, this malmſey healing;
"Pray, dip your whiſkers and your tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain!
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again:
"I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good!
"I have a thouſand thanks to give—
"My lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
Oh for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to ſave them in a trice!—
An't pleaſe your Honour, quoth the peaſant,
This ſame deſert is not ſo pleaſant.
Give me again my hollow tree,
A cruſt of bread, and liberty.

IV. *Eſop and Beau.*

Eſop. WELL, Sir, what are you?

Beau. A fool.

Eſop. That's impoſſible——for if you were, you'd think yourſelf a wiſe man.

Beau. So I do——This is my own opinion—the t'other's my neighbours'. [*Walking airily about.*

Eſop gazing after him.] Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir?

Beau. Sir, I have buſineſs with no body; pleaſure's my ſtudy.

Eſop aſide.] An odd fellow this!——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Beau. I can't tell———

Eſop. Do you know who I am?

Beau. No;——Sir, I'm a favourite at court, and I neither know myſelf, nor any body elſe.

Eſop. Are you in any employment?

Beau. Yes———

Eſop. What is it?

Beau. I don't know the name on't.

Eſop. You know the buſineſs on't, I hope?

Beau. That I do——the buſineſs of it is——to—put in a deputy, and receive the money.

Eſop. ———Pray, what may be your name?

Beau. Empty.

Eſop. Where do you live?

Beau. In the ſide-box.

Eſop. What do you do there?

Beau. I ogle the ladies.

Eſop. To what purpoſe?

Beau. To no purpoſe.

Eſop.

Eſop. Why then do you do it?

Beau. Becauſe I like it.

Eſop. Wherein conſiſts the pleaſure?

Beau. In playing the fool.

Eſop. Where were you brought up?

Beau. At ſchool.

Eſop. What ſchool?

Beau. The ſchool of the Graces.

Eſop. Where you ever at the Univerſity?

Beau. Yes.

Eſop. What ſtudy did you follow there?

Beau. My pleaſure.

Eſop. How long did you ſtay?

Beau. Till I had loſt my character.

Eſop. Why did you come away?

Beau. Becauſe I was expelled.

Eſop. Where did you go then?

Beau. To Court.

Eſop. Who took care of your education there?

Beau. A gameſter and a dancing-maſter.

Eſop. What did you gain by them;

Beau. A minuet, and a pack of cards.

Eſop. Have you an eſtate?

Beau. I had.

Eſop. What's become of it?

Beau. Spent.

Eſop. In what?

Beau. In a twelvemonth.

Eſop. But how?

Beau. Why, in dreſſing, dice, and ſcriveners. What do you think of me now, old gentleman?

Eſop. Pray, what do you think of yourſelf?

Beau. I don't think at all: I know how to beſtow my time better.

Eſop.

Eſop. Are you married?

Beau. No——Have you ever a daughter to beſtow upon me?

Eſop. Have you then a mind to a wife, Sir?

Beau. *Yaw, min Heer.*

Eſop. What would you do with her?

Beau. Why, I'd take care of her affairs, rid her of all her troubles, and her portion.

Eſop. And pray what ſort of wife would you be willing to throw yourſelf away upon?

Beau. Why, upon one that has youth, beauty, quality, virtue, wit, and money.

Eſop. And how may you be qualified yourſelf, to back you in your pretenſions to ſuch a one?

Beau. Why, I am qualified with a fine head of hair—a feather—a ſmooth face—a fool's head—and a club ſtick.

Eſop. But one queſtion more: What ſettlement can you make?

Beau. Settlement!——Why, if ſhe be a very great heireſs indeed, I believe I may ſettle——myſelf upon her for life.

Eſop. 'Tis enough; you may expect I'll ſerve you, if it lies in my way. But I wou'd not have you rely too much upon your ſucceſs, becauſe people ſometimes are miſtaken.

Beau. 'Tis very well;——'tis very well, old ſpark: I ſay 'tis very well. Becauſe I ha'n't a pair of plod ſhoes, and a dirty ſhirt, you think a woman won't venture upon me for a huſband——Why now, to ſhow you, old father, how little you philoſophers know of the ladies—I'll tell you an adventure of a friend of mine.

A Band, a Bob Wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a Lady's heart together:

The

The Band in a moſt learned plea,
Made up of deep philoſophy,
Told her, if ſhe wou'd pleaſe to eſpouſe
A reverend beard, and take, inſtead
Of vig'rous youth,
Old ſolemn Truth,
With books and morals to her houſe,
How happy ſhe ſhould be!
The Bob, he talked of management,
What wond'rous bleſſings Heav'n ſent
On care, and pains, and induſtry;
And truly he muſt be ſo free,
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powder'd heads, and dancing ſhoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his ſoul!)
But prate and talk, and play the fool.
He ſaid, 'twas Wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the deareſt wife
Of one who labour'd all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not ſpend ſixpence when he'd done,
Was Heaven upon earth.
When theſe two blades had done, d'ye ſee,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out, Sir, from behind the ſkreen,
With ſuch an air, and ſuch a mien,
Look you, old Gentleman, in ſhort,
He quickly ſpoil'd the Stateſman's ſport.
It prov'd ſuch proſp'rous weather,
That you muſt know, at the firſt beck,
The Lady leap'd upon his neck,
And off they went together.

To Eſop. There's a tale for you, old dad.

Eſop.

Eſop. Well, Sir; and in return for your tale, I muſt tell you what happened to a young ſpark of my acquaintance, exactly ſuch a fop as you are.

An Ape there was, of nimble parts,
A great intruder into hearts,
As briſk, and gay, and full of air,
As you, or I, or any here;
Rich in his dreſs, of ſplendid ſhow,
And with a head like any beau:
Eternal mirth was in his face;
Where'er he went,
He was content,
So fortune had but kindly ſent
Some Ladies——and a looking-glaſs.
Encouragement they always gave him,
Encouragement to play the fool;
For ſoon they found it was a tool
Wou'd hardly be ſo much in love,
But that the mumbling of a glove,
Or tearing of a fan, wou'd ſave him.
Theſe bounties he accepts as proof
Of feats done by his wit and youth;
He gives their freedom gone for ever,
Concludes each female heart undone,
Except that very happy one
Whom he was pleas'd to favour.
In ſhort, ſo ſmooth his matters went,
He gueſs'd, where'er his thoughts were bent,
The Lady he muſt carry:
So put on a fine new cravat;
He comb'd his hair, he cock'd his hat,
And gave it out, he'd marry.

But

But here, alas! he found to's coſt,
He had reckon'd long without his hoſt;
For whereſoe'er he made th' attack,
Poor Pug with ſhame was beaten back.
The firſt fair ſhe he had in chace
Was a young cat; a cunning Blowzer,
Her mother was a noted mouſer;
So had the daughter prov'd his wife,
He might have fed on rats for life.
But when he came
To urge his flame,
She ſcratch'd him o'er the face.
With that he went among the hounds.
Such as had beauty, wit, and pounds,
And ſwore Miſs Maulken, to her coſt,
Shou'd quickly ſee what ſhe had loſt;
But the poor unlucky ſwain
Miſs'd his ſhepherdeſs again;
His fate was to miſcarry:
It was his deſtiny to find,
That Cats and Dogs are of a mind,
When Monkeys came to marry.

V. *Menenius Agrippa's Fable of the Belly and Members.*

A Company of mutinous Citizens.

1. *Citizen.*

BEFORE we proceed any farther, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, Caius Marcius is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know it, we know it.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good: what authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes: for the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius?

All. Againſt him firſt: he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you, what ſervices he has done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd Men can be content to ſay, it was for his Country; he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations: he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are thoſe; the other ſide

o'th' city is riſen; why ſtay we prating here? To the Capitol———

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'would all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter——Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do; which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: they ſay, poor ſuitors have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, maſters! my good friends! my honeſt neighbours!
Will you undo yourſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the patricians of you; for your wants,
Your ſufferings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman State; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them (not arms) muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you ſlander

The

The helms o'th' State, who care for you, like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!——True, indeed! they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtorehouſes cramm'd with grain: make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers; repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and provide more piercing ſtatues daily to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs yourſelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale, (it may be you have heard it:)
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſtale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
I'll hear it, Sir——yet you muſt not think
To fob off our diſgraces with a tale:
But, and't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it;——
That only, like a gulph, it did remain
I'th' midſt o'th' body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where th' other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd——

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you.—With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus——
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd

To th' diſcontented members, th' mutinous parts,
That envied his receipt; even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you——

2 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer—what?
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then!—'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks.
What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o'th' body,——

Men. Well,——what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while: you'll hear the belly's anſwer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his accuſers; and thus anſwer'd:
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtorehouſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart; to th' ſeat o'th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man.
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,

From

From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly) mark me—
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir; well, well.
Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?
2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer——how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o'th' common; you ſhall find
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly!——
2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o'th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou goeſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that are worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome 'vantage.——
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
The one ſide muſt have bale.

VI. *A Deſcription of Queen Mab.*

O Then I ſee Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agate-ſtone
On the fore finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,

Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of grafshoppers;
The traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars of the moonſhine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the laſh of film:
Her waggoner a ſmall gray-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream;
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's noſe;
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck;
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts—and wakes—
And being thus frighted—ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again.

VII.

VII. *The Grand Queſtion debated, whether Hamilton's Bawn ſhould be turned into a Barrack or a Malthouſe.*

THUS ſpoke to my lady the knight full of care:
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn, whilſt it ſticks on my hand,
I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
For a barrack or malthouſe, we now muſt conſider.
Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a malthouſe;
There I have computed the profit will fall t'us:
Here's nine hundred ponnds for labour and grain,
I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
A handſome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three diſhes a day, and three hogſheads a year:
With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board:
And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that I would loſe my eſtate.
Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife;
It muſt and it ſhall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull rums.
With parſons what lady can keep herſelf clean?
I'm all over dawb'd when I ſit by the Dean.

But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm ſure, will always come here;
I then ſhall not value his deanſhip a ſtraw;
The captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
That men of his coat ſhould be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themſelves airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
The knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,
As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſs'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why ſurely my maſter's poſſeſs'd,
Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine it will ſound!
I'd rather the Bawn were ſunk under ground.

Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't ſleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never ſo fain.
I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.

Now ſee when they meet how their honours behave:
Noble captain, your ſervant—Sir Arthur, your ſlave;
You honour me much—the honour is mine—
'Twas a ſad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
Pray how does my lady?—my wife's at your ſervice.—
I think I have ſeen her picture by Jervis.—
Good morrow, good captain—I'll wait on you down—
You ſhan't ſtir a foot—you'll think me a clown—
For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther—
You muſt be obey'd—your ſervant, Sir Arthur;

My

My humble reſpects to my lady unknown——
I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own.
" Go bring me my gown, and leave off your prate.
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?—
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day, to be ſure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum:
Now, madam, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the captain all dawb'd with gold-lace:
O law! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
And ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming ſword that he holds in his hand!
And his horſe, the dear creter, it prances and rears
With ribbands in knots at his tail and his ears;
At laſt comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries—Stand.
Your ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen,
(For ſure I had dizen'd you out like a queen:)
The captain, to ſhow he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horſe never takes off his hat,
Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle:
For the right holds the ſword, and the left holds the bridle;)
Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath ſpilt!)
Then he low'rs down the point, and kiſſes the hilt.
Your ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.

The captain ſalutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyſhip curtſies half-way to the ground.

Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come to us.
I'm ſure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to ſtay,
And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worſt time of the year:
If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt——
Dear madam! your ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt;
You banter me, madam, the kingdom muſt grant——
You officers, captain, are ſo complaiſant.

"Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſome body coming"——
No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To ſhorten my tale, (for I hate a long ſtory)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor have humbled their pride,
For the captain's intreated to ſit by your ſide;
And, becauſe he's their betters, you carve for him firſt;
The parſons for envy are ready to burſt:
The ſervants, amaz'd, are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
To peep at the captain in all his fine clo'es:
Dear madam, be ſure he's a fine-ſpoken man;
Do but hear on the clargy how glib his tongue ran;
"And, madam, (ſays he) if ſuch dinners you give,
"You'll never want parſons as long as you live;
"I ne'er knew a parſon without a good noſe,
"But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
"The hypocrites bid us reform and repent,
"But yet by their looks they never keep Lent:

"A ſcho-

" A ſcholard, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry bo! to a gooſe;
" Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs, and ſtuff,
" By Jove they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army's the only good ſchool in the nation;
" My ſchoolmaſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o'me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good o'me.
" Now, madam, you'll think it a ſtrange thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."

Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit;
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould ſplit.

Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the dean call, " Will your ladyſhip walk?"
Her ladyſhip anſwers, I'm juſt coming down:
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, huſſy, why ſure the wench is gone mad:
How could theſe chimeras get into your brains?——
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.

of ſtate and peer of this kingdom, Thomas Earl of Strafford; a name of hatred in the preſent age by his practices, and fit to be made a terror to future ages, by his puniſhment.

I had the honour to be employed by the houſe in this great buſineſs from the firſt hour that it was taken into conſideration; it was a matter of great truſt; and I will ſay with confidence, that I have ſerved the Houſe in it, both with induſtry, according to my ability, and with moſt exact faithfulneſs and ſecrecy: and as I have hitherto diſcharged my duty to this houſe and to my country in the progreſs of this great cauſe, ſo I truſt I ſhall do now to God and to my conſcience.

It is honeſt, it is noble, to be earneſt, in order to the diſcovery of truth; but when that hath been brought as far as it can to light, our judgement thereupon ought to be calm and cautious.

In proſecutions upon probable grounds, we are accountable only for our induſtry or remiſſneſs; but in judgement, we are deeply reſponſible to the Almighty for its rectitude or obliquity. In caſes of life and death, the judge is God's Steward of the party's blood, and muſt give a ſtrict account for every drop: and this, Mr. Speaker, forms the true ground of difference in me now, from what I was formerly.

The truth of it is, Sir, the ſame ground whereupon I, with the reſt of the five to whom you firſt committed the conſideration of my Lord Strafford, brought down our opinion that it was fit he ſhould be accuſed of treaſon, upon the ſame ground I was engaged with earneſtneſs upon his proſecution; and had the ſame ground remained in that force of belief with me, which till very lately it did, I ſhould not have been tender in his condemnation; but truly, Sir, to deal plainly with you, that ground of our accuſation, that ſpur to our proſecution, and that which ſhould be the baſis of my judgement of the Earl of Strafford as unto treaſon, is,

to

to my underſtanding, quite vaniſhed away; and this was, Mr. Speaker, his adviſing the King to employ the army of Ireland to reduce England; this was that whereupon I accuſed him with a free heart; proſecuted him with earneſtneſs, and, had it to my underſtanding been proved, ſhould have condemned him with innocence; whereas I cannot now ſatisfy my conſcience to do it.

I profeſs I can have no notion of any body's intent to ſubvert the laws treaſonably, or by force, without the appearance of force: and this deſign of force not appearing, all his other wicked practices cannot amount ſo high with me. I can find a more eaſy and more natural ſpring from whence to derive all his other crimes, than from an intent to bring in tyranny, and to make his own poſterity, as well as us, ſlaves; as from revenge, from pride, from avarice, from paſſion, and inſolence of nature, I do not ſay but theſe may repreſent him a man worthy to die, perhaps worthier than many a traitor. I do not ſay but they may juſtly direct us to enact that they ſhall be treaſon for the future; but God keep me from giving judgement of death on any man, and of ruin to his innocent poſterity, upon a law made *à poſteriori*. Let the mark be ſet on the door where the plague is, and then let him that will enter die.

Let me therefore conclude in ſaying, that unto you all, which I have thoroughly inculcated to my own conſcience upon this occaſion, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and ſeriouſly conſider what we are going to do with a breath; either juſtice, or murder; juſtice on the one ſide, or murder, heightened and aggravated to its extremeſt extent, on the other.

Let every man therefore purge his heart clear of all paſſions; (I know this great and wiſe body-politic can have none, but I ſpeak to individuals from the weakneſs which I find in myſelf;) away with perſonal animoſities, away with all

of ſtate and peer of this kingdom, Thomas Earl of Strafford; a name of hatred in the preſent age by his practices, and fit to be made a terror to future ages, by his puniſhment.

I had the honour to be employed by the houſe in this great buſineſs from the firſt hour that it was taken into conſideration; it was a matter of great truſt; and I will ſay with confidence, that I have ſerved the Houſe in it, both with induſtry, according to my ability, and with moſt exact faithfulneſs and ſecrecy: and as I have hitherto diſcharged my duty to this houſe and to my country in the progreſs of this great cauſe, ſo I truſt I ſhall do now to God and to my conſcience.

It is honeſt, it is noble, to be earneſt, in order to the diſcovery of truth; but when that hath been brought as far as it can to light, our judgement thereupon ought to be calm and cautious.

In proſecutions upon probable grounds, we are accountable only for our induſtry or remiſſneſs; but in judgement, we are deeply reſponſible to the Almighty for its rectitude or obliquity. In caſes of life and death, the judge is God's Steward of the party's blood, and muſt give a ſtrict account for every drop: and this, Mr. Speaker, forms the true ground of difference in me now, from what I was formerly.

The truth of it is, Sir, the ſame ground whereupon I, with the reſt of the five to whom you firſt committed the conſideration of my Lord Strafford, brought down our opinion that it was fit he ſhould be accuſed of treaſon, upon the ſame ground I was engaged with earneſtneſs upon his proſecution; and had the ſame ground remained in that force of belief with me, which till very lately it did, I ſhould not have been tender in his condemnation; but truly, Sir, to deal plainly with you, that ground of our accuſation, that ſpur to our proſecution, and that which ſhould be the baſis of my judgement of the Earl of Strafford as unto treaſon, is,

to

to my underſtanding, quite vaniſhed away; and this was, Mr. Speaker, his adviſing the King to employ the army of Ireland to reduce England; this was that whereupon I accuſed him with a free heart; proſecuted him with earneſtneſs, and, had it to my underſtanding been proved, ſhould have condemned him with innocence; whereas I cannot now ſatisfy my conſcience to do it.

I profeſs I can have no notion of any body's intent to ſubvert the laws treaſonably, or by force, without the appearance of force: and this deſign of force not appearing, all his other wicked practices cannot amount ſo high with me. I can find a more eaſy and more natural ſpring from whence to derive all his other crimes, than from an intent to bring in tyranny, and to make his own poſterity, as well as us, ſlaves; as from revenge, from pride, from avarice, from paſſion, and inſolence of nature, I do not ſay but theſe may repreſent him a man worthy to die, perhaps worthier than many a traitor. I do not ſay but they may juſtly direct us to enact that they ſhall be treaſon for the future; but God keep me from giving judgement of death on any man, and of ruin to his innocent poſterity, upon a law made *à poſteriori*. Let the mark be ſet on the door where the plague is, and then let him that will enter die.

Let me therefore conclude in ſaying, that unto you all, which I have thoroughly inculcated to my own conſcience upon this occaſion, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and ſeriouſly conſider what we are going to do with a breath; either juſtice, or murder; juſtice on the one ſide, or murder, heightened and aggravated to its extremeſt extent, on the other.

Let every man therefore purge his heart clear of all paſſions; (I know this great and wiſe body-politic can have none, but I ſpeak to individuals from the weakneſs which I find in myſelf;) away with perſonal animoſities, away with all

all flatteries to the people, in being the ſharper againſt him, becauſe he is odious to them; away with all fears, leſt, by ſparing his blood, they may be incenſed; away with all ſuch conſiderations, as, that it is not fit for a parliament, that one accuſed by it of treaſon ſhould eſcape with life. Let not former vehemence of any againſt him, nor fear from thence, that he cannot be ſafe while this man lives, be an ingredient in the ſentence of any one of us.

Of all theſe corruptives of judgement, Mr. Speaker, I do before God diſcharge myſelf to the uttermoſt of my power; and do, with a clear conſcience, waſh my hands of this man's blood, by this ſolemn proteſtation, that my vote goes not to the taking of the Earl of Strafford's life.

Picture of a good Man.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than angel can excel;
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
Like ſhips at ſea, while in, above the world.
With aſpect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him ſeated on a mount ſerene,
Above the fogs of ſenſe, and paſſion's ſtorm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmleſs thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine ſons, the ſceptered, and the ſlave,
A mingled mob; a wand'ring herd; he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverſe in all! What higher praiſe?
What ſtronger demonſtration of the right?
The preſent all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.

Their

Their virtues varniſh nature; his exalt.
Mankind's eſteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs the wild chaſe of falſe felicities;
His, the compos'd poſſeſſion of the true.
Alike throughout is his conſiſtent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd ſhreds of happineſs,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and ſhews their nakedneſs.
He ſees with other eyes than theirs: Where they
Behold a ſun, he ſpies a Deity;
What makes them only ſmile, makes him adore.
Where they ſee mountains, he but atoms ſees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terreſtrial worſhip, he divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs, in infinite, to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in ought beſides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipſe.
Himſelf too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'reſt to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade:
Their int'reſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong he ſuſtains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;

A co-

A cover'd heart denies him half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs his innocence agrees!
While their broad foliage teſtifies their fall!
Their no-joys end, where his full feaſt begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliſs.
To triumph, in exiſtence, his alone:
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.

Parting of Hector and Andromache.

HECTOR now paſs'd, with ſad preſaging heart,
To ſeek his ſpouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part.
At home he ſought her; but he ſought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and, with her ſecond joy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy,
Penſive ſhe ſtood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and ſicken'd at the ſight:
There her ſad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds—her bleeding country bore.

Hector this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he took his former way,
Through ſtreets of palaces and walks of ſtate,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
His blameleſs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurſe ſtood near; in whoſe embraces preſs'd,
His only hope, hung, ſmiling, at her breaſt;
Whom each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.

Silent,

Silent, the warrior ſmil'd; and, pleas'd, reſign'd
To tender paſſions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princeſs caſt a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then, dejected, ſpoke.
Her boſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
And the big tear—ſtood trembling in her eye.

The chief began——
Still foremoſt let me ſtand, to guard the throne,
To ſave my father's honours, and my own.—
Yet come it will! the day decreed by fates!
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy!—muſt bend,
Muſt ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore,
As thine, Andromache!—Thy griefs I dread!
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine:
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry—"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs, ſhall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep."

Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.

The

The babe clung, crying, to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd with the dazzling helm and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground:
Then kiſs'd the child; and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a parent's pray'r.

"O Thou whoſe glory fills th' etherial throne!
And all ye deathleſs pow'rs!—protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age.
So when triumphant from ſucceſsful toils,
Of heroes ſlain he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay—This chief tranſcends his father's fame;
While, pleas'd amidſt the general ſhouts of joy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy."

He ſpoke: and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burden to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd:
The troubl'd pleaſure, ſoon chaſtis'd with fear,
She mingl'd with the ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſu'd:

"Andromache! my ſoul's far better part?
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemn me to the ſilent tomb:

Fix'd

Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home;
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom.
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene;
The field of combat is the ſphere for men:
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame."

Thus having ſaid, th' undaunted chief reſumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at ev'ry look; then, moving ſlow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her wo.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Through all her train the ſoft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingl'd ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn'd the living Hector as the dead.

Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. THEY tell me, 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of ſadneſs.
'Tis what the day deſerves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were ſpent, and then caſt downwards
To be trod out by Cæſar?

Vent. I muſt diſturb him. I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm

I'm liker what I was, than you to him.
I left you laſt.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that anſwer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heav'n,
If I ſaid more, I think 'twere ſcarce a ſin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.

Ant. Now thou haſt ſeen me, art thou ſatisfi'd?
For, if a friend, thou haſt beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afreſh into my eyes;
I cannot help her ſoftneſs.
Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why that's the ſtyle of victory.
The conqu'ring ſoldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general ſo: but never more
Shall that ſound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium? Oh——

Vent. It ſits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;

And

And in my ſhort, diſtracted, nightly ſlumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my ſhame——
I loſt a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou think'ſt;
For Julius fought it out and loſt it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, ſtop not.
Ant. Antony,
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his ſoldiers fought! fled firſt, Ventidius.
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'ſt prepar'd to rail.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too ſenſible already
Of what you've done; too conſcious of your failings;
And like a ſcorpion, whipt by others firſt
To fury, ſting yourſelf in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou would'ſt.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Sure thou dream'ſt, Ventidius.
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you ſleep away your hours
In deſperate ſloth, miſcall'd philoſophy.
Up, up, for honour's ſake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches, to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to ſee their ſun-burnt faces,
Their ſcarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em:

They'll ſell thoſe mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I ſaid, in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in theſe.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didſt thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my deſpair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Moſt firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To ſuccour me. Oh, trifler!

Vent. They petition
You would make haſte to head 'em.

Ant. I'm beſieg'd.

Vent. There's but one way ſhut up—How came I hither?

Ant. I will not ſtir.

Vent. They would, perhaps, deſire
A better reaſon.

Ant. I have never us'd
My ſoldiers to demand a reaſon of
My action. Why did they refuſe to march?

Ant. They ſaid they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they ſaid?

Vent. They ſaid they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why ſhould they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a ſlave? To gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiſs, at your next midnight feaſt,
You'll ſell to her?

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; ſhe deſerves
More worlds than I can loſe.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,

To whom you have entruſted human kind;
See Europe, Africa, Aſia, put in balance:
And all weigh'd down by one light worthleſs woman!

Ant. You grow preſumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to ſpeak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain inſolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under ſeeming honeſty, haſt vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the firſt Cæſar was, that I might kill thee
Without a ſtain to honour!

Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For ſhewing you yourſelf.
Which none elſe durſt have done. But had I been
That name, which I diſdain to ſpeak again,
I needed not have ſought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you—
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been ſo call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, ſoldier;
I've been too paſſionate.

Vent. You thought me falſe;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir,
Pray kill me; yet you need not; your unkindneſs
Has left your ſword no work.

Ant. I did not think ſo;
I ſaid it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Thou only lov'ſt, the reſt have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heaven's bleſſing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou know'ſt the way.

Vent. And will you leave this———

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curſe her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond life, conqueſt, empire, all, but honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal maſter:
And ſhall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old ſoldier;
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another ſoul; your looks are more divine;
You ſpeak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant. Oh, thou haſt fir'd me! my ſoul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerneſs of fight has ſeiz'd me;
That eagerneſs with which I darted upward
To Caſſius' camp. In vain the ſteepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of ſpears
Sung round my head, and planted all my ſhield:
I won the trenches, while my foremoſt men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For ſuch another hour!

Ant. Come on, my ſoldier;
Our hearts and arms are ſtill the ſame. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taſte fate to 'em; mow 'em out a paſſage,

And

And, ent'ring where the utmoſt ſquadrons yield,
Begin the noble harveſt of the field.

Ode to Truth.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd ſtand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloath'd with downy gold;
Here ſmiling ſtretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye hoſt of Saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of Fate?

'Tis ſilence all. No Son of Light
Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height:
No train of radiant Saints deſcend.
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
"If guilt, if fraud have ſtain'd your mind,
"Or Saint to hear, or angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the center of her burning throne:
Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd;
A bright Sun claſps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

"Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and ſay,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reaſon in this form deſcry

Unnumber'd, nameleſs glories, that ſurpaſs
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall ſhe, whoſe brighteſt eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whoſe cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whoſe breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall ſhe be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day
Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone: while I appear
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's eternal year.

Know, Mortals know, ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in æther hung,
I ſhone amid the heav'nly throng;
Theſe eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant ſong.
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant Light with kindling luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And Ocean heave on its extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aſpiring pierce the ſky,
The tawny lion ſtalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Laſt, Man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtamp'd upon his face,
And, as he roſe, the high beheſt was giv'n,
"That I alone of all the hoſt of heav'n,
"Should reign Proteſtreſs of the godlike Youth;"
Thus the Almighty ſpake; he ſpake, and call'd me Truth.

The

The Judgement of Hercules.

NOW had the ſon of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life; and follows unreſtrain'd
Where paſſion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at thoſe ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, firſt ſtrikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By juſt degrees; fair bloom of faireſt fruit:
For, if on youth's untainted thought impreſt,
The gen'rous purpoſe ſtill ſhall warm the manly breaſt.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For higheſt deeds now ripe, Alcides ſought
Retirement, nurſe of contemplation ſage;
Step following ſtep, and thought ſucceeding thought:
Muſing, with ſteady path the youth purſu'd
His walk, and, loſt in meditation, ſtray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with Solitude
Converſing; while intent his mind ſurvey'd
The dubious path of life; before him lay,
Here Virtue's rough aſcent, there Pleaſure's flow'ry way.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:
Now glow'd his breaſt with gen'rous thirſt of fame;
Now love of eaſe to ſofter thoughts inclin'd
His yielding ſoul, and quench'd the riſing flame.
When, lo! far off, two female forms he ſpies;
Direct to him their ſteps they ſeem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human ſize;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move:
This, ſtriking ſacred awe; that, ſofter winning love.

The firſt, in native dignity ſurpaſs'd;
Artleſs and unadorn'd, ſhe pleas'd the more:
Health o'er her looks a genuine luſtre caſt;
A veſt, more white than new-fall'n ſnow, ſhe wore.
Auguſt ſhe trode, yet modeſt was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still ſhe drew near; and nearer ſtill more fair,
More mild appear'd: yet ſuch as might inſpire
Pleaſure corrected with an awful fear;
Majeſtically ſweet, and amiably ſevere.

The other dame ſeem'd ev'n of fairer hue:
But bold her mein; unguarded rov'd her eye;
And her flush'd cheeks confeſs'd at nearer view
The borrow'd bluſhes of an artful die.
All ſoft and delicate, with airy ſwim
Lightly ſhe danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Through the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only ſeem'd to ſhade:
And as it flow'd adown, ſo looſe and thin,
Her ſtature ſhow'd more tall; more ſnowy-white her ſkin.

"Dear Hercules, (ſays ſhe) whence this delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus diſtract thy mind?
Securely follow where I lead the way;
And range through wilds of pleaſure unconfin'd.
With me retire, from noiſe, and pain, and care;
Embath'd in bliſs, and wrapt in endleſs eaſe:
Rough is the road to fame, through blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free;
Leave honour to the wretch! pleaſures were made for thee."

By

By this arriv'd the fair majeſtic maid:
(She all the while, with the ſame modeſt pace,
Compos'd advanc'd.) "Know, Hercules," ſhe ſaid,
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race:
Thy tender age, that lov'd inſtruction's voice,
Promis'd thee gen'rous, patient, brave, and wiſe,
When manhood ſhould confirm thy glorious choice.
Now expectation waits to ſee thee riſe.
Riſe, youth! exalt thyſelf, and me: approve
Thy high deſcent from heav'n; and dare be worthy Jove.

But what truth prompts, my tongue ſhall not diſguiſe:
The ſteep aſcent muſt be with toil ſubdu'd:
Watchings and cares muſt win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heav'n:—true bliſs, and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
She ſpurns the timorous, indolent, and baſe:
Danger and toil ſtand ſtern before her throne,
And guard (ſo Jove commands) the ſacred place:
Who ſeeks her muſt the mighty coſt ſuſtain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

"Hear'ſt thou what monſters then thou muſt engage;
What danger, gentle youth, ſhe bids thee prove?"
(Abrupt, ſays Sloth.) "Ill fit thy tender age,
Tumult and wars; fit age for joy and love:
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!
To theſe I lead; no monſters here ſhall ſtay
Thine eaſy courſe; no cares thy peace annoy:
I lead to bliſs a nearer, ſmoother way.
Short is my way; fair, eaſy, ſmooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth; with me eternal pleaſures reign."

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Thine eaſy courſe; no cares thy peace annoy:
I lead to bliſs a nearer, ſmoother way.
Short is my way; fair, eaſy, ſmooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth; with me eternal pleaſures reign."

Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies! Virtue with ſcorn reply'd:
A youth, of follies; an old age, of cares;
Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wiſe:
Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Reſerving woes for age, their prime they ſpend;
All wretched, hopeleſs, in the evil days,
With ſorrow, to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the preſent, of the paſt aſham'd;
They live, and are deſpis'd: they die, nor more are nam'd.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell:
Me, his ſupreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human, I inſpire.
Counſel with ſtrength, and induſtry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reſide:
My dictates arm, inſtruct, and mend the heart;
The ſureſt policy, the wiſeſt guide.
With me true friendſhip dwells: ſhe deigns to bind
Thoſe gen'rous ſouls alone whom I before have join'd.

Her words breathe fire celeſtial, and impart
New vigour to his ſoul; that ſudden caught
The gen'rous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full; and labours with exalted thought:
The miſt of error from his eyes diſpell'd,
Through all her fraudful arts in cleareſt light,
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd ſhe ſtood, confeſs'd before his ſight:
Falſe Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that ſhone
So freſh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone.

Antient

Antient and Modern Muſic compared.

WHEN father Orpheus wanted ſport, he,
By touching his *Piano Forte*,
Drew out his beaſts by millions:
Hinds, with high heads, each other butted;
Pigs, "*en pas grave*," like ******* ſtrutted,
Cows caper'd in cotillions.

Amphion too (though by the bye
This ſounds extremely like a lye)
Could animate earth, air, and water;
Melt the hard hearts of brick and mortar;
Make ſtocks and ſtones ſo very ſupple,
They'd lead up ten or twenty couple;
And grow, directed by their ears,
A houſe for pigs, or houſe for peers.

From hence the lovers of antiquity
Do moſt maliciouſly aſſert,
That muſic, like a child that's rickety,
Is now degraded to the dirt:
And, having loſt the pow'r to ſoar,
Is forc'd to creep upon all four:
Since not Giardini's ſelf is able
To animate a chair or table;
Nor give it the moſt diſtant notion,
Of plain and ſimple locomotion.

But now the antients have been heard,
We moderns ſure may ſpeak a word.
That the old muſic and the new
Are very different is true;

You might as properly compare
The war-hoop of a Cherokee
To ſuch a hoop as ladies wear.

Your Meſs'rs Orpheus and Amphion,
With their confounded break-tooth words,
Might try their ſkill on beaſts and birds,
Without a ſingle bed to lie on—
For what might pleaſe the Greeks and Latins,
To our politer ears, would ſound
Juſt like an Abigail in pattens,
Parading o'er a ſtony ground.
Then for your inſtruments—you'll own
They're far inferior to our own;
Unleſs they only choſe to leave us
Thoſe meaneſt inſtruments of chiming,
Tongs, pokers, marrow-bones and cleavers,
And other followers of Hymen,
Baſely condemning to the fire
The noble pipe and nobler lyre.

Thus Pedants, when we come to college,
With care ſuppreſs all uſeful knowledge;
Whip us whenever we preſume
To think what ne'er was thought at Rome;
And puniſh, with the ſame ſeverity,
Both our poſteriors and poſterity.

But to conclude—Where'er you range,
Or to St. James's, or the 'Change,
To Portman Square, or Leadenhall,
We're Dilettanties one and all.

By Muſic's charms, like thoſe of Circe,
You'll ſee all moving *vice versâ*;

All,

All, from the Porter to the peer,
Or have, or think they have an ear.
Cits grow refin'd and ſpend their money,
And ſtarve on ſoups and *macaroni*.
The rougheſt, rudeſt Country Squire
Deſerts his pipe and parlour fire;
His tenants want the *ſçavoir vivre*;
The parſon puts him in a fever;
To harmony a convert grown,
He ſwears he only breathes in town.
Now for new miracles prepare;
Behold that punch-bowl in the air:
That ſhame to antient Greece and Rome.
'Twas Muſic rais'd the penſile dome.
'Twas ſhe that form'd our proud *Caſſinos*,
Our rooms for Concerts and *Feſtinos*;
Our villas in St. George's fields,
White-conduit Houſe and Bagnigge Wells:
As ſhe directs, the artiſts rear
The Creſcent, Oblong, or the Square;
The Octogon, with ſides ſo ſmall,
And Circus, with no ſides at all.
With every angle charm our eyes,
That e'er the moſt conſummate ſkill,
Of great Vauban, or greater Gill,
Has form'd for ramparts, or minc'd pies.

My hand is tir'd, my Muſe is mute,
So Ladies, who have heard our ſuit,
Pleaſe to determine the diſpute.

CONCLUSION.

AT the end of a work calculated for the improvement of Youth in ſpeaking, the author cannot loſe the opportunity of recommending to parents and teachers, the ſtudy of the ſeveral inflections of the human voice. Theſe inflections joined with the diſtinction of force, which divides every ſentence into ſo many portions as there are accents, forms a preciſe and definite notation of ſpeaking ſounds. By this notation a teacher is not only capable of conveying exact ideas of tone, inflection, and force, to his pupil, but is enabled to give inſtructions at a diſtance, nearly in the ſame manner as a muſician would point out the notes of a ſong. The advantages of ſuch a notation of ſpeaking ſounds are too obvious to be inſiſted on, and are exemplified at large in Elements of Elocution, and the Rhetorical Grammar: what is principally intended by the preſent addreſs is, to inculcate the neceſſity of teaching theſe inflexions of the voice to children as ſoon as they can read. At this age the ear is quick, the organs flexible, and the power of imitation ſtrong; and the niceſt diſtinctions of ſound will then be imbibed without trouble; but in advanced life, though the ear and underſtanding may be ſufficiently convinced of the juſtneſs and reality of the principles, the organs will often find the utmoſt difficulty in pronouncing with any conformity to them. In ſhort, the advantages ariſing from an early acquaintance with the powers of the voice are ſo great, that in hopes of rouſing the public attention to ſo important a point, the author has abruptly introduced a ſpecimen of his notation of ſpeaking ſounds in the beautiful expoſtulation of Portia on Mercy, in the Merchant of Venice; and thoſe who have either philoſophy or curioſity enough to ſee the whole ſyſtem explained and exemplified, may conſult a late publication called the Melody of Speaking delineated.

PORTIA'S

PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

(Perſuaſive intreaty; ſoft, middle tone.)

THE quàlity | of mércy | ìs not | ſtráin'd; |
It dróppeth | as the géntle | ràin | from héav'n, |
Upon the pláce | benèath. | It is twìce bleſs'd; |
It blèſſeth | hìm | that gíves, | and hím | that tàkes. |
'Tis míghtieſt, | ìn the mightieſt; | it becómes |
The thròned | mónarch | bétter | than his crówn: |

(Solemn monotone; lower.)

His ſcēpter | ſhēws | the fòrce | of témporal pow'r, |
The ātttribute | to āwe | and mājeſty, |
Whērein | doth sīt | the drèad | and féar of kings: |

(Rapture; high ſtrong tone.)

But mércy | is abòve | this ſcépter'd ſway. |
It is enthróned | in the hèarts of kings; |
It is an átttribute | to Gód, himsèlf; |
And eárthly power | doth thèn | ſhew líkeſt God's |
Whèn | mércy | seáſons | jùſtice. |

EXPLANATION OF THE MARKS.

The Montone; a continuation or ſameneſs of ſound, like that produced by repeatedly ſtriking a bell; it may be louder or ſofter, but continues in exactly the ſame pitch.

To expreſs this tone a horizontal line is adopted, ſuch as is generally uſed to expreſs a long ſyllable in verſe. Thus (—)

" High on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
" Outſhone the wealth of Ormus or of Inde,
" Or whēre the gōrgeous Eāſt with rīcheſt hānd
" Shōw'rs on her kīngs barbāric pèarl and gŏld,
" Satan exalted ſat" ——

MILTON's Par. Loſt, Book ii. v. 1.

The

The riſing inflexion, is that upward turn of the voice we generally uſe at the comma, or in aſking a queſtion, which begins with a verb: (Did he ſay, Nó?) For expreſſing this, the acute is adopted, thus (').

The falling inflexion is generally uſed at the colon and ſemicolon, and muſt neceſſarily be heard in the anſwer to the former queſtion. (He did; he ſaid, Nò.) To expreſs this, the grave accent is adopted thus (`).

The riſing circumflex begins with the falling ſlide, and ends with the riſing upon the ſame ſyllable. This inflexion may be exemplified by the drawling tone we give to ſome words ſpoken ironically, as the word *Clodius*, in Cicero's Oration for Milo. This turn of the voice is marked in this manner (v).

" But it is fooliſh in us to compare Druſus Africanus and " ourſelves with Clŏdius; all our other calamities were " tolerable: but no one can patiently bear the death of " Clŏdius."

The falling circumflex begins with the riſing and ends with the falling ſlide. This inflexion may be exemplified by the pronunciation of the word *ſword*, in Cato's reply to Decius. This turn of voice is marked thus (^).

" 'Tis Cæſar's ſwŏrd has made Rome's ſenate little,
" And thinn'd its ranks." ADDISON.

The relative forces of words are ſhewn by aſſociating ſuch words as have no accent with thoſe which have, and conſidering the aſſemblage as one word. Thus in the ſentence,

" I dò not | áſk | I demànd your attention,"

we may conſider each accentual portion as one word; the firſt to be pronounced as a word of three ſyllables, the ſecond as a monoſyllable, and the third as a word of ſeven ſyllables, with the accent on the third ſyllable.

Theſe five modifications of the voice may be called abſolute, as they are the only poſſible ways of varying it ſo as to make one mode eſſentially different from the other. High and low, loud and ſoft, quick and ſlow, which may accompany them, may be called comparative modifications; as what is high in one caſe, may be low in another, and ſo of the reſt.

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